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"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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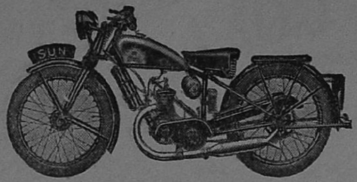

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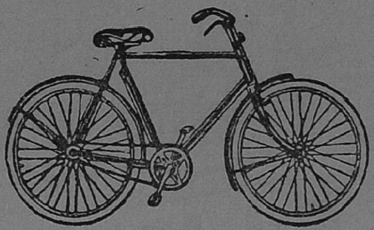

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THE
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1935

SPIRITUAL REALITY

2 Corinthians iv. 18: 'The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal.' [1]

No man was ever more religious than Paul, and no one knew better than he that the life of the religiously-minded man must appear peculiar, a puzzle, a mystery, to the worldly-minded. Many people, besides Festus, may have concluded that Paul was mad. They saw the cross, but not the Christ; the sufferings, but not the inner resources of comfort and strength. And so, seeing only half the picture, it was unintelligible; they counted the life of Christian discipleship, fanatical eccentricity.

'The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal.' These words might well be a motto for other-worldliness. Religion does make some people otherworldly; it leads them to despise, or pretend to despise, the things that this life offers as though thereby to secure the prizes of the world beyond. But we should be doing Paul injustice if we were to take his words in that way. For no man ever faced the challenge of life with a greater strenuousness or steadier courage. When Paul utters these words, it is not in the spirit of the shirker, but of the fighter panting in the stress of battle and strengthened in the struggle by the vision of the fight ended and the victory won.

> 'Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
> Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.'

This life with its burden of toil and hardship is passing, and one day will end; after life's travail the loyal servant of Christ will meet his Master face to face.

Religion made Paul not otherworldly but unworldly. That is what religion should do. Religion introduces into life fresh interests, other motives, new concerns; and it reverses the world's judgment as to the relative value of the things that life has to offer. It makes a man adopt a way of life which seems to the world strange; sometimes

[1] A sermon preached in College Church, 28th October, 1934.

he throws away what the world considers his best chances, as he holds of little significance the things which the world worships, and prizes the things which the world ignores. With affairs as they are to-day, if people do not find in us something a little unusual, something a little queer about our choice of life, our manner of life, there must be too little of the mind of Christ in us; we must be too much conformed to the fashion of this world.

But Paul is not only contrasting life here, fleeting, with life beyond, eternal. Paul realized how this life of ours here and now is itself a strange blending of things seen and unseen, material and spiritual, earthly and heavenly,—a strange blending of the temporal and the eternal: and that it is the seen, the material, the earthly that passes away; and the unseen, the spiritual, that endures. We may begin life with the idea that there is nothing real but the seen, nothing real but what we can see and touch and measure and understand. The prizes which awaken our ambition are those which our eyes can see, the goods which we value are those which our hands can hold, and the applause which cheers us is that which our ears can hear. As time goes on, in one way or another, the sense of the reality of the unseen deepens in our minds. Perhaps it is that some of our ambitions in life are thwarted or shattered. Perhaps it is that some of those who have been very near and dear to us pass beyond our sight. We begin to believe both in the shadow and the substance, but still it is the seen which is the substance and the unseen which is the shadow. But our training goes on; by the progressive discipline of experience we reach another stage. We reach the conviction that the seen is the shadow which vanisheth away, the unseen the substance which remaineth. Every man must come to this conviction in his own way. Life brings men to it by various ways, not the same way for all. Something in the experience of life 'stabs our spirits broad awake', and changes sight to insight.

But whatever way this faith comes, we are strengthened and confirmed in it by a variety of evidence. Evidence is perhaps not the right word, for evidence is of things that can be proved and demonstrated, while the spiritual ever remains a matter of faith. The experience of life brings us, not evidence, but 'intimations', assurances, of the abiding reality of the unseen. It is by intimations, suggestions, not by rational proof, that the experience of life confirms us in the conviction that round and in and through this passing earthly life of ours, there is flowing, pulsing, a life of the spirit, a life eternal.

History suggests it. Cities that were once great and splendid are today a waste. And yet their names will never be forgotten. They have bequeathed an imperishable treasure which has enriched human life. Neither their gold nor their buildings have remained.

What has endured is something eye could never see nor hands handle, something spiritual, an ideal, a glimpse of truth, a view of life. The traders have passed away with their treasure. It is the thinker, the prophet, the poet, that remains, with his message—the never-failing glory of the vanished city. Is not that an intimation of the abiding reality of the spiritual?

Human nature suggests it. Consider the mystery of human love. It is one of those spiritual things that come to us clad in the vesture of the physical. We may destroy its spiritual character altogether; we may degrade it down to the level of the merely animal, whence it has emerged—down to the level of the merely animal to become again solely a thing of sense and passion. On the other hand, we may cherish reverently its spiritual character, making it an intimate companionship not of sense only, but of heart and mind. If we degrade human love to the level of the merely physical, it becomes one of the things that pass away. But if we preserve its spiritual nature, it becomes one of the things that abide. The years pass with their discipline of toil and trial, and those who loved first in the strength and beauty of youth are dearer than ever to one another; love outlasts youth, beauty, the changing circumstances of life, and will outlast death itself. Is that not another intimation of the abiding reality of the unseen, the spiritual?

Years ago I read that the people of India were intensely spiritually-minded, very different from the materially-minded people of the West. After coming to this country I found that the commonest topic of conversation as people tramped along the roads together, was rupees, annas and pies. But I would not on that account say that these people were not spiritually-minded, nor that western people were not spiritually-minded because they talk stocks and shares and motor-cars. It seems to me that human nature, east and west, is fundamentally spiritually-minded, deeply convinced of the abiding reality, the supreme value of the spiritual. It is one of the strange things about our life here in this world that while we are always dealing with material things, struggling for them, storing them up, counting ourselves rich or poor as we increase or diminish them, we know all the time that these are not the things that really matter, that our true life is not in them. We are immersed in materialism, and yet we are always at heart idealists. We put our strength into the mastery and acquisition of things seen, but we find our life in things unseen, in ideas, aspirations, convictions. We work in the material, but we live by the spiritual. Man does not live by bread alone, but 'by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God' and is stamped upon our hearts—duties, loyalties, ideals. Deep down in our hearts we know that only one thing matters, and that is the character of our inner life,

the honour and integrity of our souls. We know that if there is a clash, it is this we must preserve at all costs. That is how we feel; that is what we think about these things. We may not always act up to it. In weakness we may sacrifice the things of the spirit to the things of earth. But when we do so, we know that we have struck a bad bargain. Now the fact that human nature should think and feel in this way at all, that human nature should thus recognise the absolute value of moral character—is not that in itself another intimation out of the depths of our own hearts, of the abiding reality, the absolute value, of the spiritual?

But, for most of us, the strongest, most convincing intimation of the reality of the spiritual is Jesus, partly because He believed in it so confidently Himself, but chiefly because He lived so obviously in the strength of it. There is a quality of moral and spiritual life in Him that this world cannot account for. This world is not sufficient to explain Jesus. To explain Him at all, we have to call in that other world. He does not seem to belong here; He seems to belong to that other world, to have come thence and to have returned thither—the Word of God made flesh; 'and we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.'

And in Jesus we find not only the most convincing testimony to the reality of the spiritual, but also our surest ground of hope that we too at the last may come to inherit the treasures that abide for ever. Our days are spent upon the things that pass away. It is true that the spiritual is there, clad in the physical; the eternal there, in the vesture of time. But we are all in large measure insensitive to life's spiritual message. We partake of the sacrament of life, but to us it appears often only common bread and wine. We miss the abiding treasures of the spirit that come to us in the passing elements of our earthly experience. But in Jesus we hear God's message that He will not let us go, that He will not take His Holy Spirit from us. And the Spirit bears witness with our spirit that we are children of God, heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ of that eternal Kingdom which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

G. M.

DON QUIXOTE

I

In the district of La Mancha, in the province of New Castile, in Spain, there was once a simple country gentleman, Alonzo Quixano by name, who lived on his own small farm with a housekeeper, a niece, and a lad-of-all-work. When the sixteenth century was turning into the seventeenth, and when our gentleman was about fifty years old, his adventures began. Having little to do, he had spent much of his time reading the old books of chivalry: and a day came when they turned his head, and he resolved to go forth as a knight-errant and to right all the wrongs of the world.

He had an old suit of armour, an heirloom. It lacked a helmet, but in a few days he had made what looked very like a helmet out of pasteboard and a few bars of iron. Then he tried it, and with two strokes of his sword he demolished the labour of a week. But he made it again, stronger than before, and was now convinced that it was all it ought to be—but did not test it a second time. He had an old horse, on which, after four days of anxious consideration, he bestowed the high-sounding name of Rosinante. One other requirement, according to all his authorities, was a lady to be in love with. 'If', said he, 'I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, or cleave him asunder, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a present?' Soon he remembered Aldonza Lorenzo, 'a very comely country lass' in the neighbouring town of Toboso, for whom he had once cherished a one-sided and ineffectual passion: and for his new purpose she was turned into Dulcinea del Toboso—not that she knew anything about it.

So he commended himself to God and went forth, mounted and armed, sighing for love of the peerless Dulcinea and looking all round for some one to defend. By and by he came to a country inn, which he took to be a gorgeous palace; and the maids of the inn, who were actually no better than they should be, seemed in his eyes to be beautiful and highly-born damsels. He courteously requested shelter for the night. The landlord of the inn soon saw, with great delight, what sort of person he had to deal with. He professed to have been a knight-errant himself in his youth, though he had retired from business; and he agreed willingly to dub Señor Quixano a knight. The Señor declared that he must first keep vigil in the chapel of the castle, watching and praying. The landlord allowed him to occupy the court-yard of the inn (the chapel, he said, was unfortunately closed at the

moment for repairs): and Quixano took up his station beside the well. During the night two carriers came to draw water for their mules; Quixano thought they were enemies, and knocked them senseless. When morning came the landlord was only too glad to get him dubbed and away; he even waived the reckoning, when DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA began to argue that he had never heard of a knight-errant who was asked to pay a bill, to be rid of him.

The landlord had pointed out, however, that anything knight-errant ought to provide himself with some ready money, a change of shirts, and a squire; so Don Quixote turned homewards again. On his way he came across a farm-lad who was being mercilessly thrashed by his master. He ordered the farmer to let the boy go; the farmer was too much astonished to refuse: and Don Quixote went on, mightily pleased with his first exploit. He did not learn till much later that as soon as he had gone the farmer tied the boy up again, and beat him more cruelly than ever, till he was too tired to go on. 'Andres [the boy] went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Notwithstanding all this, away he went weeping, and his master stayed behind laughing.'

So Don Quixote came to a place where four roads met, just outside his own village. 'And presently it came into his imagination, that the knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider which of the roads they should take: and to imitate them, he stood still awhile, and at last, after mature consideration, he let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who following his first motion, took the direct road toward his stable.'

But the first journey was not yet over. As he approached the village, he met some silk-merchants leaving it. He took it into his head that they were knights-errant like himself, stopped them, and demanded that they should all acknowledge the incomparable beauty and virtue of Dulcinea del Toboso. They answered agreeably that if he introduced them they would tell him what they thought of her. This did not satisfy him. 'Should I show her to you,' replied Don Quixote, 'where would be the merit in confessing a truth so notorious? The business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are.' The merchants, naturally enough, hesitated to commit themselves: whereupon Don Quixote couched his lance, set spurs to Rosinante, and bore down upon them as fast as the poor beast could carry him. And certainly some great mischief would have been done, but that Rosinante stumbled and flung him to the ground. He could not rise, because of his armour; and one of the

merchants' muleteers came forward and belaboured him vigorously, while the merchants looked on laughing. At last the fellow was tired and they all went on, leaving him half-dead. A countryman came past a little later and took him home on his mule, barely conscious but breathing out vengeance against all the legendary tyrants and villains of his favourite literature. And thus ended the First Journey of Don Quixote.

II

Of course it is neither desirable, nor possible, to continue at this rate an account of a book of more than a thousand pages. But there appear to be few people who read *Don Quixote*, though everybody can talk about it; and we are anxious to give some idea of the book as a whole.

Don Quixote soon starts out again, despite the protestations of his friends, with a village peasant transformed, by the magic of his imagination, into a squire. This Sancho Panza knows nothing of knight-errantry; but Don Quixote explains that shortly, without a doubt, he will conquer a kingdom, and he promises to give Sancho at least an island to govern. Sancho is bewitched, and leaves his wife and children, and comes away on his good ass Dapple, which has to serve till Don Quixote can win a more suitable steed for him by force of arms.

The Don's fancies become more and more outrageous. They catch sight of some windmills: he takes them for wicked giants, charges one forthwith, and of course is knocked head-over-heels. When he comes to himself again he sees that they are indeed windmills, as Sancho has not failed to point out: he concludes that some enchanter, who must be envious, has turned indubitable giants into windmills in order to fool him.

A day or two later, they see two flocks of sheep moving along the road in opposite directions, each under a cloud of dust. Don Quixote is so sure that they are two armies about to engage in battle, that he almost convinces Sancho. He even knows the names of the armies: one is led by Alifanfaron, Emperor of Trapobana, and the other by the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm. Alifanfaron, 'a furious pagan', is (he explains) most wickedly in love with the king's daughter. Sancho is all for fighting the pagan. They watch the armies approaching, and Don Quixote names the leaders: on the one side, Lauralco the lord of the Silver Bridge, the formidable Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quirocia, and the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias; and, on the other side, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay, who has on his shield a scroll inscribed *Miau* (this

being the first syllable of his mistress's name, the peerless Miaulina), Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique, and the powerful Duke of Nerbia, Espartofilardo of the Wood. As the sheep come up, Don Quixote spurs forward among them, bowling them over right and left and calling upon all good Christians to rally round him. The shepherds, as soon as they realize what is happening, let fly with their slings, knock him senseless, and make off as quickly as they can.

Don Quixote is covered with lumps and bruises, and has lost several teeth: but he sets himself to comfort Sancho, who is more distressed than himself. 'All these storms, that fall on us,' he says, 'are signs that the weather will clear up; for it is impossible that either good or evil should be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off.' . . . 'Your worship', said Sancho, 'would have made a better preacher than a knight-errant.' 'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the knights-errant ever did and must know something of everything.'

Another day they meet a gang of condemned criminals going in chains to the galleys. Don Quixote's duty is to succour the afflicted, without enquiring whether they deserve their misfortunes or no: so he sets upon the guard, taking them by surprise, and in a moment or two all the prisoners are at liberty. He speaks fairly to them, and says that all he asks in return is that they should go together, carrying their chains, to tell Dulcinea of the noble exploit of her true knight. The captives reply with a volley of stones and disappear, leaving them both (as usual) half dead.

Sancho is now in terror of the 'Holy Brotherhood' (a sort of volunteer police-force), and manages to persuade Don Quixote to retire to the Sierra Morena, the Black Mountains, till the affair blows over. In the mountains they get mixed up with the long romantic story of Cardenio and Lucinda. Cervantes had an ungovernable passion for any story in which the heroine is beautiful enough and the complications complicated enough, with a happy wedding to end all—but not too soon. He introduces his hero into several such, as the history proceeds, each more wonderful, if possible, than the last. And he had a kindred passion for anything pastoral—for scornful lovely ladies and neglected love-sick men, all dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses: and this also he indulges freely throughout his work. The digressions are tedious at times, and incongruous too: the ironic realism of the main story is not in keeping with the pretty fancies of pastoralism. In Part II he apologises for those in Part I, and adds a few more.

Avoiding Cardenio, then, it is enough to say that Don Quixote's old friends, the barber and the priest of his own village, manage to run him down in the Black Mountains, and at last get him away with them by persuading him that the beautiful and unhappy princess Micomicon

needs his help urgently against a notorious giant, Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect.

On the way home they stop at an inn, where (as is usual with any inn in *Don Quixote*) many things happen. Four or five love-affairs, all obstructed by many misfortunes, are happily settled. The novel *The Curious Impertinent*, which might come out of the *Decameron*, is read aloud by the priest at full length, only because the manuscript happens to be in the landlord's possession. A Spanish soldier turns up, recently escaped from years of captivity among the Moors (such as Cervantes himself had endured), with a beautiful Christian Mooress who has helped him to escape; and the soldier's long-lost brother, now a judge, happens to look in and he has a beautiful daughter who etc., etc.

Throughout these astonishing adventures Don Quixote is fast asleep upstairs, waking only to run his sword through two capacious wine-skins hanging near the bed, which he takes for giants. But at night he decides that it is his duty to mount guard, fully armed, before the inn—or castle, as he thinks it. There is a mischievous maid in the inn, Maritornes the Asturian, who knows all about his delusions. She comes to a sort of window in the hay-loft, and whispers to him that there is a princess there who is dying for love of him. His fidelity to Dulcinea is unshaken, but out of pure pity he rides beneath the window, stands on his saddle, and reaches up his hand for the princess to kiss. Maritornes slips a running noose round his wrist, makes fast the other end of the rope within, and goes away to bed. There he has to stay till morning, on tip-toe, knowing that if Rosinante moves he will be left hanging by the arm. At daylight some travellers come to the door of the inn and begin knocking. Don Quixote, from his perch, calls out loudly: 'Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle . . . . Get farther off, and stand till clear daylight.' The travellers begin to argue the point, and during the debate Rosinante moves away: Don Quixote is left dangling in the air and roaring aloud with the pain. Maritornes is awakened, slips into the loft, and unfastens the rope. He is mounted again within a few moments, galloping all round the inn and challenging the whole world to single combat.

It becomes more and more difficult to get Don Quixote home; and finally they have to take him while he is asleep, bind him hand and foot, and put him into a cage which is placed on a cart. He is sure that he is being enchanted again, and so goes quietly. Once, however, he is let out, to stretch his legs during a midday halt. He sees a procession of penitents carrying an image of the Virgin, concludes that they are bandits kidnapping a lady, and is off on Rosinante before anyone can stop him. This time he is battered

about even more than usual; but as soon as he can speak again he says: 'He who lives absented from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these.' He is taken home totally incapacitated.

III

Part I of *Don Quixote*, containing the first and the second journeys, was published in 1605, and was an instantaneous success. For some reason however it brought in no money, of which Cervantes, then as usual, stood in great need; and he continued to turn out pot-boilers. But in 1614 an apocryphal Part II was issued. Cervantes was very angry, especially as the plagiarist abused him by name; and he defended himself, and covered his enemy with confusion, by bringing out a Part II of his own, in 1615.

The Second Part is an improvement on the First in many ways. It contains less horseplay, fewer digressions, and more talk: and talk is the great glory of *Don Quixote*. And the whole is more genial, and wiser. Moreover Cervantes has now a new joke, which he uses again and again, varying it with infinite ingenuity: most of the people in the Second Part have read the First Part, and refer to it repeatedly, which produces the most extraordinary topsy-turvy effect. Several times over Don Quixote and Sancho solemnly discuss the various improbabilities and impossibilities of which the First Part is full. And that is not all: many of the characters have also read the spurious sequel, and they point out its various defects with great contempt and indignation. Someone tells Don Quixote that that wicked book contains a long account of his appearances at the tournaments at Saragossa. Don Quixote is on his way to the tournaments at Saragossa at the time: but when he hears this he turns aside and makes for Barcelona instead, just to spite the plagiarist. The height of the jest is reached when Don Quixote actually meets a character out of the spurious book, a Don Alvaro Tarfe, who goes about boasting of his connexion with Don Quixote. Don Quixote labours to prove that he does not exist; at last Don Alvaro is convinced of it, and even signs a deposition to that effect drawn up by a notary.

After the second journey Don Quixote spends fully a month at home, carefully nursed. Then a young neighbour, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, returns from college at Salamanca with a copy of Cervantes's Part I. Don Quixote is set on fire to find himself famous. The bachelor, for reasons of his own which appear in due course, eggs him on, and even offers to put his farewell to Dulcinea into verse for him. His housekeeper and niece try to keep him at home, without any success. Sancho asks his wife Teresa's permission to accompany his master again: she refuses it, and he goes off without.

They go by way of Toboso, and Don Quixote orders Sancho to take him to Dulcinea. Sancho is in a fix, for he was sent with a letter for Dulcinea from the Black Mountains, and came back with a long account of his interview with the lady herself—having been no farther, in reality, than the nearest inn. Finally Sancho points to three country lasses on mules, and declares that the one in the middle is the princess herself, royally robed and riding on a steed magnificently caparisoned in silk. Don Quixote recognises that his old enemies the enchanters have a grudge at him still, and goes on his way the most dejected of men.

Then comes the great adventure with the lions. They meet with two waggons in which a lion and a lioness are being taken to the king's Zoo. Don Quixote browbeats the waggoner into opening the door of the lion's cage. Everyone else runs away, but Don Quixote takes up his stance opposite the door, defying the lion bravely. The lion, however, only looks out of the cage, and then turns round and goes to sleep again. Don Quixote wants the waggoner to prod the beast with a pole, but the others persuade him (from a safe distance) that he was done enough to prove his courage; and the adventure closes with everyone satisfied.

In due course they arrive at the river Ebro and find a small boat without oars made fast to the bank. Don Quixote, sure that a new adventure is beckoning, embarks and casts off, and Sancho has to go with him, protesting but not resisting. They drift towards some water mills, which Don Quixote takes for a castle in which some beautiful princess is cruelly imprisoned; and he stands up and shouts orders to the millers that she must be released at once. By this time the boat is entering the mill-race: the millers just manage to stop it, with poles, but capsize it; and they fish out the knight and squire half-drowned. A mob is gathering, and looks so formidable that Don Quixote withdraws, directing Sancho to pay for the boat and shouting a promise to the princess that he will return to deliver her as soon as possible.

They meet a duchess out hunting, who has read Part I and recognises them at once: and for the joke's sake she invites them to her castle, where she and the duke pretend to entertain them exactly according to the best examples, and really amuse themselves at their expense. One of their ladies pleads for Don Quixote's help against a formidable enchanter who has endowed herself and all her duennas with beards: a maid-in-waiting, Altesidora, falls hopelessly in love with him, serenades him at night, and when he opens his window (to express only pity for her, and to explain that his love is for ever plighted elsewhere), they let down a sackful of cats with bells on their tails, one of which in its terror fastens its claws in his face and sticks there till he has to spend five days in bed; a duenna asks him to

punish a young man who has jilted her daugher, and the duke makes one of his lackeys impersonate the young man and meet Don Quixote in the lists (a joke which is spoiled when the lackey sees the lady he is supposed to have jilted, and declares himself very ready indeed to marry her). Don Quixote passes through all these queer adventures as if in a dream, constantly valiant, honourable, and courteous; and never thinks of blaming anyone but himself (or, occasionally, an enchanter) for his misfortunes.

The best joke, however, is played on Sancho Panza. The duke knows of his dream of an island, from the book: and he makes him governor of a village, Barataria by name, of a thousand inhabitants—he calls it an island, and it does not occur to Sancho to doubt his word. And here Sancho rules for ten days. Many difficulties are brought to him, and he settles all of them shrewdly and fairly, by his own peasant's wit. For example, there was a bridge over a river that divided two jurisdictions. Everyone who crossed had to declare what his business was: if he told the truth he was allowed to pass freely, but if not he was hanged on a gallows at the bridge-end. One fellow who came across, and was challenged, answered that he was going to be hanged on that gallows. What were the judges to do? If they hanged him, he would have deserved to go free; but so long as he went free he deserved a hanging. Sancho's conclusion is: 'Tell those gentlemen who sent you to me, that, since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they let him pass freely: for it is always commendable to do good rather than harm.'

Governor Sancho in his island, however, is made game of as mercilessly as Don Quixote in the castle. He has a court-cook who serves the most wonderful meals, and a court-physician who forbids him to touch them. And after ten days an alarm is raised at night that the enemy are upon them, and the palace suddenly becomes full of armed men. Sancho is trussed up by his servants in armour in which he is helpless, and is then knocked down, and trampled upon by several regiments of soldiers. When he can get free, he goes slowly and sadly to the stable, without murmurs or complaints, saddles Dapple himself, and rides away, in the same clothes in which he arrived and not a penny the richer. So he returns to the duke and reports: 'I borrowed nothing of anybody, nor set about making a purse; and though I thought to have made some wholesome laws, I made none, fearing they would not be observed, which is all one as if they were not made. Behold here your governor, who, in ten days only that he had the government, has gained the experience to know, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not of an island only, but of the whole world.'

At last Don Quixote and Sancho take courteous leave of the

apparently kind duke and duchess, to the tune of a sorrowful ditty by Altesidora, and set off again. Before long they meet some people of quality who are playing at shepherds and shepherdesses in the country, and who welcome them, having read Part I, and make much of them. In return, Don Quixote offers to take up his station fully armed in the highway, and to maintain by force of arms against all comers, for three days and nights, that these lady-shepherdesses are the most beautiful in all the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea. Unfortunately the first comers are a herd of young bulls for the bull-fights in Saragossa, led by a troop of armed men: they will not stop at his command, and he is knocked off and pitifully trampled upon.

Finally, after some strange adventures with a brigand of the Robin Hood sort (a character based, we are told, on a real Catalan highwayman, 'who retired from business in 1611 and died, highly respected, at Naples'), they arrive at Barcelona, where Don Quixote soon becomes known and is fêted everywhere. He becomes mixed up with another very romantic story of Moorish captives and so forth. Then he is challenged by a knight, 'the Knight of the White Moon' as he calls himself, but really Don Quixote's old friend the bachelor Sampson in disguise. Rosinante proves of little help in a real fight, and Don Quixote is unhorsed. The strange knight claps his lance to Don Quixote's visor as he lies on the ground, and demands that he should confess that Dulcinea is not peerless. 'Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his visor, as if he was speaking from within a tomb, in a feeble and low voice, said: "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth, and it is not fit that my weakness should discredit the truth: knight, push on your lance, and take away my life, since you have spoiled me of my honour."' Carrasco, however (without revealing who he is), concedes the beauty of Dulcinea, and grants Don Quixote his life on condition that he stays at home without fighting for one year. The hoax is Carrasco's friendly scheme for getting the knight home again and keeping him there.

Don Quixote returns to his own house very dejected, and is very ill for six days, with a fever; but then, after a long refreshing sleep, he awakens in his right mind. He calls his friends together to tell them he is no longer Don Quixote, but plain Alonso Quixano, and declaims against the books of chivalry at such a rate that they begin to wonder whether a new frenzy has possessed him. He is confessed, makes his will, and dies. Amidst the sincere mourning of his friends, a notary draws up a certificate that he is dead indeed, and to spike the guns of all plagiarising rascals it is stipulated that no one but the official historian may raise him up again.

IV

'Heart and mind laugh out at Don Quixote,' says George Meredith, 'and still you brood on him. The knight's great aims and constant mishaps, his chivalrous valiancy exercised on absurd objects, his good sense along the craziest of expeditions; the compassion he plucks out of derision, and the admirable figure he preserves while stalking through the frantically grotesque and burlesque assailing him, are in the loftiest moods of humour, fusing the Tragic sentiment with the Comic narrative.' Actually he is only an ordinary middle-class gentleman, long and lean and very stiff in his joints, fifty years old and suffering from the most foolish of delusions; and yet this is his own opinion of himself: 'A knight-errant I am, not one of those whose names fame has forgot to eternize, but one of those, who, maugre and in despite of envy itself, and of all the magicians Persia ever bred, the Brahmans of India, and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall enroll his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror to future ages, in which knights-errant may see the track they are to follow, if they are ambitious of reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of arms.' He is elderly and poor and ugly, yet he takes it as quite natural that beautiful princesses should fall hopelessly in love with him wherever he goes. When Altesidora serenades him in the duke's castle, he says to himself: 'Why am I so unhappy a knight-errant, that no damsel can see me but she must presently fall in love with me? Why is the peerless Dulcinea so unlucky, that she must not be suffered singly to enjoy my incomparable constancy? . . . Take notice, enamoured multitude, that to Dulcinea alone I am paste and sugar, and to all others flint; to her I am honey, and to the rest of ye aloes.'

Dulcinea is actually Aldonza Lorenzo, a farm-lass he knew and loved long since; but she grows more and more exalted as his delusion becomes settled; and in the end he is able to convince himself that he has never set eyes on her, and became 'enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty'. (It is likely enough, however, that Cervantes alone is to blame for this inconsistency, not his hero.) Then the enchanters get to work upon him, and when Sancho brings him Dulcinea he sees only a blowsy village slut on a mule; and later, when the duchess asks him point-blank whether there is any Dulcinea at all, he speaks doubtfully. 'There is a great deal to be said upon this subject,' answers Don Quixote. 'God knows whether there be a Dulcinea or not in the world, and whether she be imaginary or not imaginary: this is one of those things, the proof whereof is not to be too nicely enquired into.'

Don Quixote is prepared to believe anything, without limit, of the enchanters. In one of his fights he loses his pasteboard helmet.

Shortly after he sees a barber on a mule. It is raining a little, and the barber is wearing his brass basin on his head, to save a new hat. The basin at once becomes, in Don Quixote's eyes, the legendary golden helmet of Mambrino, King of the Saracens: and he challenges the barber to fight. The poor man runs away in terror, leaving the helmet, which the knight dons triumphantly. Sancho, however, persistently maintains that the helmet looks very like a barber's basin. An enchanter again, says Don Quixote,—but a friendly one: 'And it was a singular foresight of the sage my friend, to make that appear to everybody to be a barber's basin, which really and truly, is Mambrino's helmet; because, being of so great value, all the world would persecute me, in order to take it from me: but now that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it . . . .'

The climax of the absurdity comes during their retirement in the Black Mountains. He solemnly decides to go mad, since some of his predecessors did so on hearing that their mistresses had been unfaithful. Sancho urges that he has no cause to doubt his Dulcinea. 'There lies the point,' answered Don Quixote, 'and in this consists the finesse of my affair; a knight-errant who runs mad upon just occasion deserves no thanks; but to do so without reason is the business, giving my lady to understand what I should perform in the wet, if I do this in the dry . . . . Mad I am, and mad I must be, until you return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by you to my lady Dulcinea.' And he begins a long threnody: 'O Dulcinea del Toboso, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, the over-ruling planet of my fortune, . . . consider, I beseech you, the place and state to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity. . . .' When Sancho thinks enough has been said, he is starting off. 'You are very far from being perfect in the story,' answers Don Quixote; 'for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration.' Sancho is nervous when he hears of the head-dashing proposal, and asks whether something softer would not do instead of rocks. His master answers indignantly: 'My knocks on the head must be real, substantial, and sound ones, without equivocation, or mental reservation. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me.' When he has handed over the letter, Don Quixote strips to his shirt and cuts a few capers, so that Sancho may truthfully report that he has seen him mad: and the squire rides away to seek Dulcinea.

So he goes through his extraordinary adventures, imperturbable in his gravity and always perfect in his knightly courtesy,—'the

finest gentleman,' as Raleigh says, 'in all the realms of fact and fable'; and by a long way the happiest, wisest, and best of all the people who crowd the long book. The Cid Hamet ben Engeli, Arabian historiographer, the author of it (Cervantes always pretends that he is only translating a faithful history in Arabic), as he records an especially elaborate trick of the duchess's, breaks off to make one of his many wise comments: 'to his thinking,' he says, 'the duke and duchess were within two fingers' breadth of appearing to be mad themselves, since they took so much pains to make a jest of two fools.' Indeed, one main impression conveyed by the book is that the rest of the world makes a mighty poor show compared with Don Quixote.

V

Don Quixote, with his delusions, is as if composed of air (mostly hot air): Sancho Panza is by contrast of the earth, earthy. He is devoted to creature comforts. There are two occasions in the story on which he breaks out into real poetry. Once it is in praise of sleep. 'While I am asleep,' he says, 'I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory; and, blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise.' His other lyrical outburst comes when his ass Dapple is stolen, and he cries out: 'O child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and, lastly, the half of my maintenance!' However, when Don Quixote promises him three other asses in place of Dapple, he is thoroughly consoled.

But as a rule he talks only about food or only in proverbs. He has a torrent of proverbs always ready—'Everyone is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse,' 'Where you look for bacon, there is sometimes not even a pin to hang it on,' and 'There are but two families, the Have's and the Havenot's'. When he is told, during one of the pastoral interludes, that Basilius is likely to die for grief, having heard that the beautiful Quiteria is to marry the rich Camacho: 'Heaven will order it better,' quoth Sancho; 'for God that gives the wound, sends the cure: nobody knows what is to come; there are a great many hours between this and tomorrow: and in one hour, yea, in one moment, down falls the house: I have seen it rain, and the sun shine, both at the same time; such an one goes to bed sound at night, and is not able to stir next morning: and tell me, can anybody brag of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel? no, certainly; and, between the Yes and the

No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin; for there would not be room enough for it. . . .'

It is pure greed that brings Sancho out as a squire-errant; he would not have stirred a foot but for the promise of the island. But he is a good creature, and as they go on together he becomes Don Quixote's slave, body and mind. In conversation with the duchess he tells frankly, and with some innocent pride, the story of his fooling Don Quixote over Dulcinea; the duchess, amazed at the mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in him, asks whether he is not mad to be following one whom he knows to be a madman, and whether such a person can be fit to govern an island. And Sancho answers: 'Had I been wise, I should have left my master long ere now; but such was my lot. I can do no more; follow him I must; I have eaten his bread; I love him; he returns my kindness; he gave me his ass's colts; and, above all, I am faithful; and therefore it is impossible anything should part us but the sexton's spade and shovel; and, if your highness has no mind to the government you promised should be given me, God made me of less, and it may be the not giving it me may redound to the benefit of my conscience; for, as great a fool as I am, I understand the proverb, The pismire has wings to her hurt,' etc., etc.

And in fact (though he has lucid intervals throughout) he soon catches most of Don Quixote's disease by contagion. At one point he suggests that instead of a promise of future advancement he might get a weekly wage now. Don Quixote rebukes him for his greed and his ignorance of the rules of chivalry; till he breaks out, with tears in his eyes: 'Dear Sir, I confess, that to be a complete ass, I want nothing but the tail; if your worship will be pleased to put me one on, I shall deem it well placed, and will serve your worship in the quality of an ass, all the remaining days of my life'.

Sancho can appreciate the spirit of his master, and can even covet it for himself. On his way back to the castle from his 'island', he falls with Dapple into a pit; and he reflects: 'This, which to me is a mishap, to my master Don Quixote had been an adventure.' When he returns after his first journey, accompanying the Don in his cage, he says: 'There is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man, as to be squire to a knight-errant, a seeker of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish. . . . Yet, for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and the devil a farthing to pay.' 'I begin to think,' says Nicholas the Barber, 'you are likely to keep him company in the cage, and to be as much enchanted as he, for your share of his humour and his chivalry.' Sancho himself has

recognized as much long ere now. When he comes away from the Black Mountains on his wild-goose chase after Dulcinea, he moralizes to himself: 'This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed; and in truth I come very little behind him: nay, I am madder than he, to follow him, and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says: "Show me thy company, and I will show thee what thou art".' But mad or no he continues to follow him faithfully, with only occasional thoughts of reward, till the very end.

VI

Cervantes declares, both in his Preface and in the last words of the book, that he wrote it only in order to discredit 'the fabulous and absurd histories of knight-errantry'. But all that lies between these two statements is a flat contradiction of both, and one can hardly believe that they were meant seriously. Or perhaps there is far more in *Don Quixote* than the author himself realised, as happens not seldom. 'The book is so many-sided,' says Sir Water Raleigh, 'that all kinds of tastes and beliefs can find their warrant in it. The soul of it is an irony so profound that but few of its readers have explored it to its depths. It is like a mine, deep below deep; and much good treasure is to be found at the more easily accessible levels.'

Raleigh wrote his paper (for the *Times* Literary Supplement—it is reprinted in *Some Authors*) to celebrate the tercentenary of Cervantes' death, in 1916. For Cervantes died in the same year as Shakespeare. Arthur Platt gave a lecture on Cervantes to the Literary Society of University College, London, in the same year, and it was published after his death in *Nine Essays*. The two professors no doubt wrote independently, and they certainly wrote for very different audiences: but their conclusions are surprisingly alike, and Platt, like Raleigh, distinguishes as it were various layers of irony. At first, he says, people merely enjoy the misfortunes of the knight and squire. Then they begin to think, as they realize the disastrous ineffectiveness of the knight's efforts at doing good. And in the end they find themselves wondering whether it is not the rest of the world that is mad, and Don Quixote the only sane man in it. 'To enjoy it truly,' Platt told his students, 'you must do two troublesome things, you must learn Spanish and you must grow old .... And I know very well that you are immutably determined to do neither the one nor the other.'

That is one secret of *Don Quixote*—its large and many-sided wisdom. Everyone may profit by it, and in every mood. In our enthusiastic impulses to do great deeds and to amount to something in our rueful and humorous admissions that our high attempts lead to precious little in the end, and in our sober resolutions to go on just

the same; in our idealism and our earthiness; in our faith in God, our love of men, and our prudent consideration of our own interests,—at every point this wonderful book touches us, and gets well under the skin.

And yet, with all its wisdom, it still contrives to be a cheerful book. There are six hundred people in it, as some one has calculated: far above them all are the knight and squire, always speaking wisely, each in his own way, and always acting foolishly: but above them too is Señor Miguel de Cervantes de Saavedra, the wisest and most amiable of companions. The little that is known of his life thoroughly bears out the impression that the book gives. He was almost as unfortunate as his own hero. Fighting as a common soldier at the battle of Lepanto, and losing the use of one hand: captured by the Moors and kept prisoner for five years in Algiers, always plotting escapes, taking all the blame himself when the plots were found out, and escaping hanging many times over by a miracle: home again, getting a few poor jobs as clerk and then getting into jail because his books would not tally (if only he could have found some way to show Don Quixote keeping accounts!): writing one long play after another, varied by a few long pastoral romances, all of which no one would read: in these glimpses it is Don Quixote who appears, bating only a few of the more extreme absurdities. 'Alike as soldier and as writer,' says Platt, 'I picture him to myself as moving recklessly in the pursuit of flying stars through a wilderness of bog and brier, never heeding the hard facts of life, never losing heart, never without a smile on his lips at his own misadventures. He looks on the pageant of life around him, and illuminates it all with his own brightness.'

'And so,' as Cervantes says in his Preface to the reader, 'God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewell.'

THE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Today W. S. Maugham stands as the most brilliant exponent of the short story, with a grace and manner all his own. He is engagingly personal and tells interesting anecdotes of which he has an inexhaustible store, in the best club-room manner, free and easy but never boring, so that invariably at the end of one of his short stories the reader is sorry to stop. This free and easy manner in telling his stories is the result of his cosmopolitanism, born of wide and frequent travel. In the literal sense of the term W. S. Maugham is a globe-trotter. He has seen the utmost ends of the earth 'from China to Peru', and met men of different races and climes. There is a rare richness in his stories gained from his eclectic and world-wide experience. His art and outlook on life are both profoundly influenced by this all-round culture.

To the casual reader this is the first impressive fact. 'The world of experience, the world of the rolling-stone, has interested him deeply, and he has something to say of what he has seen.' The scenic backgrounds of his stories are dotted all over the globe, Malaya, Shanghai, the South Seas, America, especially the tropics.

Maugham loves to treat the supernatural. He must have heard a good deal about black magic on his voyages East, and it must have been one of his absorbing interests. In every instance he carefully analyses the mood of his characters as the superstition takes hold of them. The characters thus become convincing, and like them we come to believe in the working of unseen forces. 'Taipan' is a brilliant supernatural story. The self-satisfied Englishman strays into a graveyard, and finds the natives digging a grave on the European allotment. He is at a loss to know for whom it can be, for he is acquainted with all the Europeans in Shanghai and they are all in the pink of health. He is obsessed by the desire to solve the mystery. Everyone is surprised to hear that they were digging a grave. A native superstition comes to his mind. Can it be that he is going to die? Was it all an illusion, that grim preparation in the cemetery? He rapidly falls a prey to that superstition and finally succumbs to it.

Another reason for the interest of his stories is in the personal method he adopts. It gains verisimilitude and puts the reader in intimate touch with the author and enables the author 'to tell no more than he knows'. His stories read like the author's personal experiences, although they may be merely the outcome of observation or hearsay. It must be remembered that W. S. Maugham is one of the most objective of writers. He paints life as he sees it—and the life

that comes under his observation is a changing world of colour and romance.

Even to the casual reader of Maugham's short stories it would be obvious that he is more interested in the study and delineation of character than in the weaving of plot. Plot is thin, as a rule, never intricate or long-drawn out. Plot is often a peg to hang his experiences on. This simplicity lends the author the advantage of a descriptive manner. It takes a long time indeed before he has gone through the preliminary introductions and descriptions and the characters begin to move. No doubt the descriptions are vivid, gossipy, and even delightful, but one longs, at least in some of the stories (e.g. 'The Human Element' or even 'Rain'), for something to happen.

The endings of Maugham's short stories betray a tendency to drag. They never leave us at the climax with a catch of breath. In 'The Human Element', for instance, he grows wordy and explanatory at the end, when perhaps it would have been best to stop with Carruther's giving Albert the five-pound note and his 'Thank you, Sir'. The plot is delightfully intriguing, almost a novel in miniature.

In describing localities he pitches right on those details which will serve to visualise them. Particularly the description of cocoanut trees in the South Sea islands is charming, even poetic. 'Three cocoanut trees grew there, like three moon maidens waiting for their lovers to ride out of the sea, and I sat at the foot of one of them, watching the lagoon and the nightly assemblage of the stars.' That's for a scene at night. 'Then all about were the cocoanut trees, as fanciful as women and as vain. They stood at the water's edge and spent all day looking at their reflections.' All the gorgeous beauty of tropical scenery is brought home to us in the pages of 'The Trembling of a Leaf'—the native huts with their bee-hive roofs, the trees and jazz-coloured flowers, the croton bushes, their leaves yellow and golden and red, the cocoanut trees and the lagoon in the evening light with its colour, tender and varied, of a dove's breast.

He is a keen student of humanity and his best work is his characterisation. Weygandt thinks that for all his power of analysis Maugham cannot go beyond that to the creation of character. This may be conceded in respect of Maugham's plays, but never in his short stories. He has created unforgettable pictures in Sadie Thompson or Lady Beatrice Welldon. Maugham is a born artist in characterisation. Very often he gives himself up in a story to the development of a single character. He delights in the careful study of his characters and never compromises their essential natures with the exigencies of situation.

Maugham has an accurate knowledge of human hearts and he is sometimes taken aback at the starkness of the soul. And then he is

overwhelmed by compassion for them. He writes in 'The Pool': 'To me there is nothing more awe-inspiring than when a man discovers to you the nakedness of his soul. Then you see that no one is so trivial or debased but that in him is a spark of something to excite compassion.' That was written of Lawson, the Scotsman who loved his native wife too dearly.

It is impossible not to discover a healthy tolerance in a man like Maugham who has travelled widely and has met men of all sorts and shades. He is familiar with the way of the world, and undoubtedly he has developed a cynical asperity, but nowhere does it obtrude in his stories. Like Maupassant, the great French writer, he exhibits a tendency to find humbug and self-seeking in the respectable and virtuous.

We can imagine the author invariably sitting back in his chair after writing a story and saying to himself 'Life is an empty show'. Perhaps this world-weariness is exaggerated, but it is there. Most of his stories have unhappy endings, if they do not actually end in suicides. 'Life in the end gets the better of even the robustly selfish.' That is a conviction with him and it is borne out in his stories. For instance in 'Rain', Davidson the missionary seemed to have carried the day and saved Sadie Thompson from her many wicked ways of which he had disapproved. But all the while he is succumbing to Sadie's charm and feels himself going down a precipice. At last, fearing exposure, he slits his throat with a razor.

However, Maugham's cynicism has not yet deprived him of zest in life. Humanity has never failed to rouse his wonder and curiosity. Maugham is gypsy-hearted. When life grows dull he will roam again and discover the springs of life.

In all his tropical stories Maugham always writes only of the English people whom he meets, not of the inhabitants of these places. He never studies their civilization, customs and manners. These are but casual in his stories. But social criticism is found in the acute and shrewd analysis of the attitude of Englishmen to natives in the tropics. Time and again Maugham satirises the exclusiveness, snobbery, conservatism, arrogance of the Englishmen in the colonies. In a few of the stories he has pointed out the grabbing nature of the English at the outposts of the Empire. Literary art will brook no perversion of truth and justice. Maugham has fortunately no political prejudices, or else he would have suppressed these unpleasant facts.

In 'The Trembling of a Leaf' he shows his disapproval of missionary activities in the South Sea Islands. He seems to have put his views into the mouth of Mr. Gruytes, the Dutch Controller of the Alas Islands—a character in his short story 'The Vessel of Wrath'.

Mr. Gruytes thought that 'the custom of the country suited its inhabitants and had no patience with the missionary's energetic efforts to destroy a way of life which for centuries had worked very well'. The same views are expressed in 'Honolulu'.

In 'Honolulu' we get the just criticism that the missionaries grabbed land from the native chiefs and turned them into commercialised investments for their own progeny. The most scathing accusation is found in 'Rain'. The missionary Davidson says, 'The Samoans broke the commandments one after the other and never knew that they were doing wrong. And I think that was the most difficult part of my work, to instil into the natives the sense of sin. We had to make sins out of what they thought were natural actions. We had to make it a sin not only to commit adultery and to lie and thieve, but to expose their bodies and to dance and not come to church. Hence the the introduction of trousers. The whole thing seems a sorry affair.'

All through the short stories which are staged in countries outside England, runs Maugham's interest in the problem of inter-racial marriages. It is always that of a European keeping or actually marrying one of the native women. One aspect of the problem is well studied in 'Force of Circumstance', where the revelation of a newly-married officer's youthful indiscretions with a native woman breaks the heart of his bride. Maugham seems to approve of Europeans marrying and settling down on the islands and thus becoming part and parcel of the life of the natives.

A word about his prose. It is unrhythmical, as a rule. There is no ease, no urbanity and no mellowness. He writes a direct style serviceable for the short story, it is never brilliant or scintillating. He was born in Paris (1874), and educated at Canterbury and later at Hiedleberg, in Germany, where he studied medicine. He began as a playwright and later wrote novels. He served in the War with the medical corps. With the failure of his last play 'Sheppey', he retired from the theatrical world. He hopes to write a few more novels and several books of short stories.

RICHARD CHINNATHAMBY.

‘NOT IN THE STANDING ORDERS’

A COMEDY IN TWO SCENES.

Staged in Caithness Hall for the Hostel Day, December, 1, 1934.

SCENE I

[*The U.T.C. Camp. Time 11 p.m. Outside the guard-room. Private Krishnan as sentry. Enter a girl behind sentry. Krishnan starts whistling. The girl takes up the tune.*]

Krishnan (*starting back, and coming to the ‘ on guard’ position*) *:* Halt, who goes there ?

Girl : I have already halted, you know, and I wasn’t going ; I was coming. I think that remark silly.

Krishnan : Halt, who goes there ?

Girl : Don’t keep on repeating it as though you were studying Shakespeare, and don’t point that wicked thing at me.

Krishnan : Go into the guard-room to be identified.

Girl : Identified ? I am not lost property, and why send me into that room ? It is not proper for a young lady.

Krishnan (*embarrassed*) *:* Er-er-h’m.

Girl : That is much better.

Krishnan : You must not talk to a sentry.

Girl : Of course not. But you spoke to me first. Come, tell me your name.

Krishnan : I think I’ll have to call the Guard Commander.

Girl : Oh, if you are going to be rude, I shan’t stay.

Krishnan (*lowering rifle*) *:* Er—I say, don’t go, please.

Girl : Why not ? I have never been spoken to like this. I think you are a bad boy.

Krishnan : I am sorry : but if I am caught negligent, I’ll be punished.

Girl : Poor dear, how cruel of them ! (*Intimately*) Tell me your name, Napoleon.

Krishnan (*drawing himself up*) *:* Pardon me, not Napoleon. This is the British Army.

Girl : Well then, Wellington ?

Krishnan : Krishnan.

Girl : That’s a nice name. Mine is Lalita. (*Looking up*) A fine night, isn’t it ?

Krishnan (*gazing at her*) *:* Isn’t it ?

Girl : Look at the moon, how lovely !

Krishnan (*excitedly*) *:* Yes !

Girl (*coming closer*) : And those clouds.

Krishnan : Yes!

Girl (*pointing at the rifle*) : Can't you throw away that wicked cannon?

Krishnan : Sorry, but . . . the Standing Orders.

Girl (*crossly*) : Well if you prefer the Standing Orders to standing by me, I'll go.

Krishnan : No, no. To Hades with this rifle (*throwing it away*).

Girl : That is nice of you. (*Archly*) I ought not to be alone with you at this time of the night, you know. But I think you are a nice boy.

Krishnan (*delighted*) : And I think you are the stunningest peach-er-girl I have . . . (*Heavy tramp is heard from right*).

Krishnan : My aunt! here's the Orderly Sergeant. Quick, get away, or hide yourself behind that bush, please. (*Picks up the rifle and challenges 'Who goes there?'*).

Sergeant (*enter R.*) : Orderly Sergeant (*advancing suspiciously*). H'm, what was your rifle doing on the ground?

Krishnan : Er-h'm. A mosquito stung me violently, Sergeant, and I dropped it.

Sergeant : Pity it didn't swallow you. Whom were you talking to? I heard voices.

Krishnan : Nobody, Sergeant . . . As a matter of fact, I . . I was talking to myself. I—I said to myself, said I, 'Don't be sleepy you idiot, or your *smart* Sergeant will come and catch you at it.'

Sergeant (*not at all flattered*) : Oh! and then?

Krishnan : And then she said to me . . .

Sergeant (*pouncing on the slip*) : She? Who is she?

Krishnan : By she, er—I meant my soul.

Sergeant : Oh! Your soul is feminine, is it? None of your nonsense. Get back to your duty, and don't start talking to your soul. It is not in the Standing Orders. (*Sergeant lights a cigarette.*)

(*Lalita whistles. Sergeant starts, and looks at Krishnan, who pretends that it was he that whistled.*)

Lalita : Hel-l-l-o (*coming in L*). Has that horrid fat man gone, Mr. Sentry? (*Sees Sergeant and starts*) . . er . . I beg your pardon.

Sergeant (*to Krishnan*) : So this is your soul, is it? (*to Lalita*) What are you doing here, Miss?

Lalita : I won't talk to you if you are so rude. You should know how to behave to a young lady.

Sergeant (*ironically, elaborately polite*) : Madam, may I have the privilege of knowing your intentions and the motive which directed you here? I shall be eternally grateful to you.

Lalita: That is ever so nice. Well, I wanted to see you.

(*Both Krishnan and Sergeant start back.*)

Sergeant: To see me?

Lalita: Yes, to see you.

Sergeant: Nonsense; I mean I don't believe it. Why should you want to see me?

Lalita: You don't expect me to tell you that in his presence, do you? (*pointing to Krishnan; Krishnan gasps*).

Sergeant: And yet you were talking to him?

Lalita: I was asking him where you were. He said you would be here in a minute or so, and so I waited.

Sergeant (*persisting*): Why did you come here at all to see me especially . . . .?

Lalita: Did you expect me to come to your barracks full of men?

Sergeant (*conceding the point, yet suspicious*): But this time of the night . . .

Lalita: You see, I was being followed by someone, and so ran here to see you. I had watched you at parade, and knew how strong and kind you were.

Sergeant (*dubiously*): How about the horrid fat Sergeant?

Lalita: Oh no, I wasn't referring to you, but the man who was following me.

Sergeant (*all doubts cleared*): Who is he? Where is he? The swine; I'll wring his neck. Where did he go?

Lalita: This way. (*They go L. Krishnan tries to follow, the Sergeant turns back and says to Krishnan.*)

Sergeant: To your duty, you . . . and leave such things to your betters! (*Exeunt*).

Krishnan (*to himself*): The little liar! To be taken in by a few stripes!

Lalita (*Enter L.*): Wasn't it clever of me?

Krishnan (*turning*): You!

Lalita: Didn't I lead him a pretty dance? (*laughing*) He is floundering among the prickly pear bushes now.

Krishnan (*happy again*): You mean that—you did it to send him away?

Lalita: How brilliant of you! Did you think I went off with him, deserting you? I see you did. I won't speak to you again.

Krishnan: I am sorry, please—please do speak.

Lalita (*relenting*): Very well then. But don't be so horrid again. (*Softly*) Did you really mind?

Krishnan: Mind! You don't know how much! When I saw that bloated, trouser-scraping, gravy-licking, garlic-smelling, cigarette-pinching son of a beer barrel carrying you off like that . . . . (*Sergeant enters behind*).

Sergeant: Are you referring to me, Private Krishnan? (*Advances; Lalita goes off L. unseen.*) I see you are. I'll teach you to speak disrespectfully of your superior officers. And as for you, young Miss (*turning, finds her gone; bites his lips; Krishnan grins. Sergeant turns on him ferociously*).

Curtain

SCENE II

[*The Commandant's Office. Table and a chair. On the table are papers and books.*]

(*Enter Sergeant and Krishnan.*)

Sergeant: Quick march. Halt. Left turn. Stand at ease.

Krishnan: When does the show begin, Sergeant?

Sergeant: Show? Show! We'll show you something which will sober you quick. We'll teach you to lay down your rifle while on duty, and flirt with pretty girls, and call your Sergeant . . . . Never mind what you called me. And if you think the Commandant is going to invite you to tea you're vastly mistaken. And as for that hussy, if I ever catch her . . . .

Krishnan: Yes, Sergeant.

Sergeant (*fiercely*): Now, you keep a civil tongue in your head and stand there.

(*Enter Commandant R. Sergeant goes up and salutes.*)

Commandant: Bring him in, Sergeant.

Sergeant: Quick march; halt.

Commandant: Private Krishnan, you are charged with having been negligent in the execution of your duty on the night of the 13th by leaving aside your rifle under the pretence of having been stung by a mosquito, having insulted your Sergeant with abusive and offensive epithets, and having disobeyed the orders of your superior officer. What have you got to say for yourself?

Krishnan: Please sir, it was all the fault of the girl.

Commandant: Girl? Don't you know that a soldier ought not to be influenced by thoughts of his girl?

Krishnan: It wasn't my girl, Sir.

Commandant: Well, then, another man's girl?

Krishnan: She took away my rifle, Sir.

Commandant: Took away your . . .? What do you mean?

Krishnan: I mean, Sir, as I was standing at sentry go, a girl came and took my rifle from me, Sir,

Commandant (*roaring*): Don't be funny, young man. What do you mean by telling me such stories?

Krishnan: I beg your pardon, Sir, but it is true. You could ask the Sergeant.

Commandant: Did you meet a girl in love with a rifle, Sergeant?

Sergeant: H'm, h'm, no Sir. As far as I can remember, I didn't see any girl in love with a rifle. What I saw was this er—this chap blinking with his rifle lying on the ground. When I asked him what he meant by it, he started calling me names.

Krishnan: Gosh! What a liar!

(*The Sergeant chokes with indignation.*)

Commandant: Silence, Sir . . . What did he call you, Sergeant?

Sergeant: I forget the exact expressions, Sir; but uncomplimentary references to my er—figure and habits were predominant.

Commandant: Did he call you a barrel?

Sergeant (*wincing*): Yes, Sir. A beer barrel.

Commandant: H'm, h'm. Well Sir, why did you call your Sergeant a beer barrel?

Krishnan: I didn't call him a beer barrel. I admit I described him as a relative of the article mentioned; but that was to a friend. He had no business to be eaves-dropping. (*Sergeant looks daggers.*)

Commandant: What is all this about a friend and a girl? Do you expect me to swallow your story, Sir? (*Outside, somebody is whistling. Krishnan recognises the person. He listens tensely.*) Your attempts to escape punishment by such methods make you doubly culpable. The evidence against you is strong. (*Krishnan is not listening. The door is opened and Lalita runs in R.*)

Lalita: Oh! sorry (*hesitates and goes out.*)

Krishnan: The girl!! The girl!!! (*Excitedly*) That was the girl I saw, Sir, I swear....

Commandant (*suspecting the truth, but to save face*): What do you mean, you puppy? How dare you make such allegations against my daughter?

Krishnan: Your daughter? (*falters*). I beg your pardon, Sir. But...

Commandant: Not a word, Sir. Eight days C. B. Sergeant, march him out. (*Exit Commandant R.*)

Sergeant: About turn. (*Krishnan does not turn.*) You puppy, about turn. Quick march. Halt. Stay here while I see the Provo Sergeant. (*Exit L.*)

Krishnan: His daughter! What a trick to play on me! Ah, well.

Lalita (*coming up from behind, R.*): You poor dear; I am sorry. I know what has happened.

Krishnan: Please don't waste your sympathy on me, Miss Lalita. I don't in the least bit mind. In fact I am delighted with everything.

Lalita (coaxingly): You won't forgive me? Even if I make amends? How cruel of you! (*softly*). My father will scold me and won't allow me to go anywhere. I wonder whether he will object to my visiting a . . . . prisoner now and then.

Krishnan: You mean . . .

Lalita (nodding): Well, why not?

Krishnan: Darling (*about to take her in his arms*).

(*Sergeant enter L.*)

Sergeant: Attention. Left turn. Quick march . . . . (*to Lalita apologetically*) Orders, you know, Miss . . . . Please don't tell your father that you were at the guard room. I'll lose my stripes you know.

Lalita: Oh, you think of your troubles only, don't you? Of course I'll tell my father.

Sergeant (pleading): Oh, please don't. I shall do anything you say.

Lalita: What about that poor boy? You were responsible for all this trouble. And just now when he was talking to me, you packed him off without consulting me. I won't stir a finger to help you. You needn't stay.

Sergeant: Oh please, I'll call him back. I'll . . . Here, you damn—I mean Private Krishnan, about turn. Halt. Here he is, Miss.

Lalita: That is better . . . You said you were hungry, didn't you?

Sergeant: Oh, no! I am not particularly hungry.

Lalita: Or thirsty?

Sergeant: Oh, no. I am all right. Thanks.

Lalita (musing): I like hungry people—or even thirsty ones. I don't like people who are neither hungry nor thirsty.

Sergeant (catching the hint): Coming to think of it, I *am* hungry, and very, very thirsty too. I shall go and have something . . . . I can depend on you, Miss, can't I?

Lalita: Yes. (*Sergeant goes L, looking with hatred at Krishnan.*)

Krishnan: Well?

Lalita: Well?

Curtain.

M. KESAVAN UNNI NAIR.

WAR

War clouds are hanging over Europe and the Far East. European politics is charged with a tense atmosphere. Fear of war is goading the nations into increasing their armaments at a tremendous speed. Scientists are distinguishing themselves by discovering new methods, new instruments which will destroy men speedily. In this mad race for destruction, statesmen and politicans seem to have forgotten the catastrophic results of the Great War. Humanity has not learnt its lesson. It is interesting at this juncture to find out whether war is really inevitable.

In justification of war it is said that war is a natural process. You can no more prevent it than you can those virulent diseases that come as a scourge on mankind. War is necessary because it is a preventive check to the abnormal growth of population. It is also necessary because it weeds out the weak and ushers into the world a purified atmosphere. It is indispensable as it affords opportunities for men to exhibit their manly spirit, their courage and valour. Finally a world without occasional wars becomes uninteresting and monotonous. War is a necessary stimulant to the energies of men. It is an opiate without which men fall into lethargy and lose their manliness.

We shall now proceed to examine these arguments. It is said that war is a natural process, that is, it is inevitable. This is to argue that war is not the result of the actions of men but is the result of some supernatural forces. This on the face of it looks ridiculous. Is it inevitable that men should commit suicide? For war is nothing else than humanity committing suicide. Further, the facts of history do not warrant that conclusion. Was the Great War the action of a natural law? Was it not due to the idiosyncracies of one man, the Kaiser? Were the numerous wars fought by the English in India operated by forces beyond human control? Were they not due to a deliberate policy of conquest? In the face of such glaring evidence, to say that war is a natural process is to misread and misjudge history. Can we not say that no war that has been fought so far, with such disastrous consequences to human progress, was inevitable and could not have been avoided?

It is said that war is necessary because it is a check to overpopulation. It is open to question whether the world is really overpopulated and whether it cannot contain some more. But assuming it to be so, we may point out that if it were considered necessary to check the growth of the population of the world, there are more

humane methods which will serve the purpose better than war. War, it is claimed, weeds out the week and purifies the atmosphere. If there is anything in this statement it tells the other way. It is the flower of humanity, the very fountains of life, that are sacrificed at the altar of war. It was the flower of Oxford and Cambridge that whitened the battle-fields of France and Germany and not the weak, the sick and the infirm. War does not bring in a purified atmosphere. On the contrary, it destroys everything beautiful and leaves the world a sad place to live in. It is said that war affords opportunities to men to prove themselves men by their courage and valour. This is hardly the way for men to prove themselves men. It is a concession to our animal instincts. To kill one another and call it bravery and valour is to idealise the worst passions of men. Cannot men show their true bravery and valour by loving men and not killing them? Is Gandhi less a man because he refuses to hate and kill men? Was Christ not human when out of his breast flowed the milk of human love?

Lastly it is argued that the world will be drab and monotonous without war. Perhaps this may be true so far as the small knot of financiers and armament manufacturers are concerned. For do they not lose the enormous profits which they get through war, if the millions of men that perish in war live a happy life in their homes with their wives and children? What can we not do if war is abolished? The world will not be monotonous but it will be throbbing with a new life, a life that will carry with it prospects of eternal joy and happiness to those millions of poor souls that lead a miserable life, to whom life is at present monotonous. Are we going to sacrifice the lives of millions just to make the world interesting and profitable to a few? Those who oppose war are not cowards. They are men who think that if mankind is to progress, if humanity is to get salvation, war should be abolished. To them the 'glamour of war', in the words of a well-known writer, 'is as unreal as the bought affection of the prostitute'.

Those who believe that men can be made to love one another, and that they can be welded into one human brotherhood, those who view man as a noble creation not to be sacrificed to the whims and fancies of a few plutocrats, but whose creative instincts should be harnessed to make the world a happier one than it is, to them a philosophy of war is a philosophy of anarchy, of destruction, a philosophy which the world should give up if civilization is not to perish.

R. PARTHASARATHY.

MYSTIC TRANSCENDENTALISM.[1]

Our knowledge of mysticism is partial. Many are the unexplored regions of the spirit. It is ever unnatural that to our finite capacities, the limitless expanse of the realm of the spirit, and the infinitude of the manifestations of the great reality and the numberless mysterious ways of the communion of the individual soul with the supreme soul of the universe, and the consequent flight of the human personality on the swift wings of faith and adventure, over the low plains and valleys of a worldly existence, to the high sunlit hills and mountain peaks of a glorious other-worldly existence, are incomprehensibly sublime; nay, a riddle of which one wonders whether all the intelligence of the world concentrated in one human brain can ever have the potentiality to solve it.

One thing we know, that is, in mysticism of the right kind every step goes higher and higher. In complete trust in the supersensuous reality the mystic says, 'One step enough for me'. But lo! he finds that that one step leads to ladders after ladders soaring higher and higher until the gates of the ethereal regions are seen wide open.

To rise above the fleeting sensations of the world and its hard matter of fact details and depressing tide of events, and to breathe for a time the fragrant, refreshing breath of the supramundane, is the goal, however vague, of art and literature. A spark from the divinity serves the same purpose. A touch of genuine mysticism enables a human personality to be in the world and yet to be not of the world.

Mysticism at its best is an edifying and vitalising factor of the three estates of man, body, mind and spirit. It is in the 'Lines composed above Tintern Abbey,'

. . . . . . 'that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,'—

* * * * * *

'While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.'

M. K. ALEXANDER.

[1] Concluding section of an essay on Mysticism.

A PICTURE OF LIFE*

A hunter goes to the forest in search of animals. Though he wanders in the thick wilderness till noon, he has not killed any animal. Hunger and thirst baffle him. Suddenly he is attacked by a fierce tiger, and to save his life he takes to flight, the tiger chasing him. When the tiger is almost upon him, he sees a dilapidated well in front of him and descends into it, clinging to the rank grass growing on the top. When he has almost reached the bottom, he sees, to his horror, an angry serpent hissing with its hood spread out beneath him, and to avoid it, he clings to a small projecting root on the side, and remains there in a hanging posture. A swarm of bees, disturbed from their nest, buzz around him and sting him painfully. To his further horror, he discovers a rat which is gnawing at the base of the root which he clings to, threatening to cut it down any moment. Now, a drop of honey from a bees' nest above, falls upon his shoulder. With the fierce tiger watching above his head, the infuriated serpent hissing below, the teasy bees stinging his body, and the rat gnawing at the root which he clings to, in spite of all these dangers, the man inclines his head, and with protruded tongue licks the drop of honey which has fallen on his shoulder.

We may liken the drop of honey to the joys of a man. Enjoyment in this life, with its passions and calamities, its ambitions and aspirations, is similar to the enjoyment of the hunter.

Or we may compare the honey-drop to the grace of God. Sorrows and calamities are bound to attack us in this life. But he is the courageous man, the loving and the dutiful, who in spite of all his perils and sufferings, cares and anxieties, sees the ray of glory shining steadily into his soul, and forgetting all earthly worries bathes in its Eternal Light.

K. R. CHANDRASEKHARAN.

*Adapted from an old story.

LETTERS

Letters. Love-letters? at once the question pops up. Why? It seems to be in us ready to come out at the least provocation. However, I had better not start on that question or hot air enough to fill many balloons might be produced by differences of opinion. But letters, the letters home, or to a friend, what about them?—In letters home how often one comes across the familiar formula:—'Dear , How are you? I hope you are enjoying good health. I am well' etc., ending with 'No more news'. These are only bulletins of news, or despatches. Most of the so-called letters can be classed thus, or as official correspondence or business communications. That is what hostel dwellers try to get over as quickly as possible, accounting for their cinema money as extras. Others never write at all. But why should it be so?

If you are selfish, consider that letter-writing need not be a 'painful operation' but can be toned down to a mere 'medicine'. It is an excellent way to practise expression of thought or knowledge—which, by the way, we are constantly reminded we are not able to do properly. It is also, as Bacon says somewhere on a different matter, 'healthful and sovereign to the understanding'. Since if we could only put the thoughts that over-flow in our minds into words, we would be able to arrange them with better logical sequence, and see the mistakes more clearly. We should in fact learn more about them in that way, than by turning them over in our minds or suppressing them. Feelings that seem to overwhelm us at critical junctures look very tame when put on paper. One can master one's passions if one writes about them and sees them in the true perspective. They look great—mountains instead of mole-hills—in thought, but in cold reality they seem to shrivel, even to fade and vanish. Then too, the disburdening of the mind of a weight of thought gives a sense of relief and lightness (not light-headedness, though). And all these advantages may be had by merely sitting down and writing a heart-to-heart letter to a friend.

If you are unselfish, consider the pleasure you are giving your friend. He shares your joy, your happiness and gaiety, and is cheered. Besides, since he learns more about you and your feelings, the better he will understand you, the more he will esteem you. You may stir up his sluggish thoughts, infuse noble ideals, and give him ideas which might benefit him. In response, you would receive thanks, useful criticism, more points for or against your discussion, and sympathy for your feelings, besides his ideas and reactions. News

too, from other parts, events, and opinions will come in. So that instead of being, like Telemachus, 'centred in the sphere of common duties', both of you would have a wider field of interest, a broader outlook, and a greater knowledge of the world.

Letters are very personal. They are for private consumption. So you can be frank and open—not as if you were writing an essay or a book. Letters should reveal the real man, the individual, the full personality. Yet that is not all: the writer's mood and state of mind should also be felt rather than seen. The effect of this 'soft suffusion of the soul, the speechless breathing eloquence', ought to be the same as after you have a good half-hour's chat with your friend, and felt refreshed by it.

Besides thoughts and feelings, criticism of books and characters, descriptions of scenery, or current events which have influenced you or induced thought and emotion, may be brought into requisition. Of course news, anecdotes, and wit have their place in a letter. Letters can be scrappy (full of scraps of information) and snappy (not full of snaps), or heavy; of course the latter is preferable. Why should we not try to write good letters, and become great people? Incidentally it might benefit the post office and they might reduce the rates. If by any chance you want a postal course in letter-writing, I suggest you apply with stamps to N. R., Class II; he seems an expert at these postal courses.

S. P. APPASAMY.

A MONTH IN BOMBAY

On what strand was I wrecked? Whither was I bound? This *insula incognita*, but inhabited to the last inch. On a fleeting glance around me, I realised that I was but a child playing on the shores of the great sea of humanity.

S.S. Dayavati dropped my two friends and myself at the Alexandra Dock. We got into the street and I found myself, as if fallen from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Bombay.

The day was drawing to a close. The evening sun was lending its colour to a strip of a cloud. We bent our steps towards a refreshment stall.

A *victoria* engaged our attention. This is no queen, but the Bombay coach bears this dignified name. Had I the agile pen of a Dickens, I would have given you a humorous pen picture of this *victoria* and her royal consort—I mean the coachman. The coachman is like two pyramids placed base to base, clad in pyjamas, balloon-like at top and tapering to points near the heels, in a shirt loose at the bottom but becoming tight towards the neck, with a small head—and almost buried in his pointed Turkish fez with a dozen multi-coloured towels around it. It seems that the Bombay coachmen often meet at a conference like the Dhobies' conference at Saidapet and fight with an indefatigable zeal against the host of modern machine-driven conveyances.

Later however we got into a tram-car and alighted in front of a majestic building, the XL Restaurant. Having deposited our things and refreshed ourselves, we stepped out on the pedestrian walks of the broad roads and wandered idly, staring at the proudly exhibited wares in the shops. We roamed about the streets for some time. That being the first night we thought of going to the Wellington, of which we had read in the papers. Every second man we saw asked the way to the theatre. After spending about half an hour in search of it, when we asked for the hundredth time, I believe, we were told we had passed by it but that the Majestic was in the vicinity, and we wended our way towards it. At about ten, the show began, and it lasted for more than two hours. To tell you the truth, I enjoyed the 'honey heavy dew of slumber' and dreamt of my few days' stay in Bombay while the film was being screened.

To take up the thread of my narrative, my friends woke me up and we got into the streets in search of the *XL*. But where was the *XL*? We had noted some buildings as landmarks to guide us back, but almost all buildings were alike, being palatial and having five or

six storeys. The signboards of shops, we thought, would help us, but in some places two or three had similar signboards. At that hour of the night, we spent more than an hour in search of the restaurant. To avoid further trouble, we resorted to a quiet place and lay down to sleep under the canopy of heaven.

With the first peep of day, we set off on our journey of discovery. In this, more difficulties fell to our lot than to that of a knight-errant of yore in quest of an enchanted castle. I had half a mind to book my passage in the next steamer or train homeward. Fortunately (so I thought), we were directed to the *XL* after having spent about an hour in enquiry. At about 10 o'clock, we discovered the restaurant. This incident, I believe, will drive home to you the confusion into which a stranger will be put in a great city like Bombay. We had one consolation, that we had explored at least one-half of the island.

Within a few days I got used to the life of this metropolis, the humdrum of this city and its bustle and novelties. But one thing I could never get over was the language, harsh and painful to the ear, and on many an occasion I mistook their questions for abuses. Once when I went to a *Vishranthi graha* and ordered milk, the waiter was at a loss to comprehend me and I had to draw the figure of a cow in the act of being milked!

I spent most of my time roaming about the streets or enjoying the pleasant breeze at the marina or going out sight-seeing. With regard to the last, everything you clap eyes on is a beautiful sight worth seeing. The biggest and highest building is the Taj Mahal Hotel. There are lifts in these buildings to take the persons to the flats. Moreover, there are underground floors.

The clock strikes six. The marina vibrates with the whir-whir of motor cars. There is a ceaseless stream of humanity flowing through the marina. They are all in their gala dress—to be more accurate lack of dress—for a beauty competition. Specimens of the fair sex saunter—' under the pretence of ozone sniffing '—to see and to be seen.

One morning I visited Malabar Hill. The hill is surrounded by the sea on three sides and from there one commands a bird's-eye view of the whole city. An hour's drive in an omnibus took me there. The road shot up a slant. A Sabbath stillness reigns there and a Malabari feels quite at home. The prominent feature of Malabar Hill is the Sir Pherozeshah Mehta Garden. The garden is as big as the Madras Park. The scene baffles description. A sweet breeze plays among the crotons. Children play on trapezes and bridge ladders. The book-worm pores over the contents of *Jacobs' Latest* or some six-penny novel by the author of *Milk and Water*. The lovely pair struck by Cupid's arrows and the idle man (like me) enjoy their fill of the sweet atmosphere.

Another place in Bombay frequented very often is the Prince of Wales Museum. In these 'magnificent saloons and long echoing galleries' all the Indian birds and animals including nautical animals are depicted as in nature with their environments. It was as if I was treading 'a mansion of that fabled city (in the *Arabian Nights*) where everything had been suddenly transmuted into stone'. In this atmosphere of artificiality I even thought that a sepoy standing as steady and erect as the python by his side was a stuffed one!

On an upper floor there was the Sir Ratan Tata Art collection. It was a collection of Indian and foreign pictures and landscape paintings, armour, clothes and embroideries. One important figure that caught my fancy was the Satara Throne. I was deeply engrossed in a study of it, when a shrill voice arrested my attention. It was a sepoy, shooting questions at me like a thunder-bolt. They were, of course, quite Greek to me. He led me to the Curator of the Museum. The latter demanded my portfolios and after perusing them said, that the sepoy thought I was copying the inscriptions on the Satara Throne—*infringement of copyright!*

Another place of interest in Bombay is Victoria Gardens. There is a small museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, within the compound. Here there are tableaux of scenes famous in Indian history, as the Lion Hunt of Jehangir or the Embassy of Krishna, as well as pictures of Indian life and Indian games.

The garden is a natural garden. 'Nature is dressed but not disguised by art.' It is like a part of a great forest and occupies an area two or three times our Park. There are clumps of gigantic trees, nature at her wildest, with spontaneous vegetation. But what is of interest is the zoo, the animals being assembled in different parts. There are almost all the wild animals seen in India, including the elephant with a grandfather clock by its side to roar when it is time for serving food. There are also animals from foreign countries. What attracted the attention of the visitors were the Australian kangaroos and the West African mandrills. The former, pouched animals with long hind legs on which they leap at a tremendous pace, had a bad time with the watchers within their arena, in which they were compelled to take rounds. The mandrill is an animal like a monkey, dark in colour with no long tail. These seemed to be rather inimical to man, for they took great pleasure in despising the visitors after receiving groundnuts from them. In exploring these regions I lost count of time. It was 8 p.m., and the signal to leave the garden was given. But I lost my way and had to be escorted to the gate by the sepoy.

On the eve of my departure from Bombay I went out shopping. Being a stranger (still? do you ask?) I thought I would do well to go

to Verity & Co. A liveried servant stood at the door. As soon as I crossed the portals I was met by an Anglo-Indian girl.

'Good Evening, Sir. A seat, Sir. What you in the wanting, Sir? Rajam Soaps, Sir? Crispbread, Sir? Viennese poplin, Sir? Nelly blades, Sir? Military pickles, Sir? Ebrahim Currim & Sons *Daffeta*, Sir?'

What a variety, I thought. 'A second-hand bicycle, please.'

With an 'O. K.', she led me through many subterranean passages to a dingy corner and then began her torrent again.

'Best quality, Sir. Elastic springs, Sir. B. S. A., Sir. Fixed price, Sir. Damn cheap, Sir.'

To escape from the clutches of this assistant, at the earliest pause I nodded assent.

But she broke forth, 'Nothing new, Sir? Ready-made suit, Sir? Ladies and children's wear, Sir? Turkish bath towels, Sir? Crepe de chine, Sir? In different varieties, Sir?'

I was forced to say I wanted a ready-made coat. Taking out one, 'Fast colour, Sir. Best pattern, Sir. Unrivalled for durability, Sir. Attractive design, Sir. Manchester, Sir.' 'Manchester!' I echoed.

'No, Sir. Swadeshi, Sir. I thought you liking British make, Sir.'

For all my protests, I was compelled to buy it. To shake off this pest I asked for the bill.

'Nothing more, Sir?'

'Thank you.'

'Don't mention it, Sir.'

Fortunately by this time the clerk (seeing my expression) had written out the bill. Having paid it, I stepped out as soon as possible, for good.

Having lived in it for about a month, I bade farewell to the city that had furnished me with so many romantic adventures and experiences, and to my new friends there. And the Madras Express rushing through a score of dark passes and over the Kistna bridge, half a mile long, and then the Malabar Express, took me to my beloved home. *Opus operatum est. Au revoir.*

K. V. VIJAYA RAGHAVAN.

THE LAST ATTEMPT[1]

THE fiery ball half sunk in the horizon
Still lights the foliage, tinting it with a soft
Glow of gold. The earth is filled with splendour.
Far in the West the crescent moon's aloft.

The garden is filled with strange exotic perfumes,
Wafted hither and thither by gentle breezes.
I have left the hum of the city far behind,
And what I see the tenseness soon releases.

Slowly she descends the broad white steps,
And follows the path to the jasmine bed.
Her hands are clasped behind her back:
Pensive with lowered eyes she paces.

I approach silently;
My heart beats wildly;
I call out softly,
She swings round lightly;
And frowning slightly,
Draws back quickly.

'Were it a flower that I offer to you,
I'd pick it from its stem and put it in your hair.
Were it a precious and shining gem
I'd set it in a locket so that you might bear
Its weight on your bosom, soft and warm;
But if it were these I'd have not a care.

'I offer a heart, a kingdom whose queen
Thou art, yet know'st not its length and breadth;
A heart that is wholly and truly thine,
Strong, unwavering unto death.'

As she listens
Her frown deepens,
Her brow darkens;
Her eye glistens;
Her mouth hardens;
Her body stiffens.

[1] Inspired by reading a passage in Tagore's *Gardener*.

Without a word she turns and goes,
Leaving the shade of the jasmine bushes.
The dark of the doorway soon engulfs her.
A silence the whole scene hushes.

The sun has set, and the sky is filled with gloom;
The cold and distant stars appear in the firmament
Solemnly. The garden looms shadowy and still.
A gust of wind has carried away the scent.

With jaded steps I walk toward the gate;
The closing hinge creaks mournfully behind me.
Within my heart there is a more despairing cry.
I go into a world wrapped in obscurity.

S. P. APPASAMY.

KIND WORDS TO THE REJECTED

(*By the Literary Editor*)

A Vision (*Poem*). By I. M. Shy.

The budding poet must remember that the chief qualities of poetry are imaginative fertility and melody of sound, the two qualities which his poem lacks in. It is not our intention to discourage you in your maiden-attempt, Mr. Shy; indeed the 'poem' shows good taste which requires to be developed. You must be more careful in using similes, and avoid clumsy comparisons.

'O'ershadowed by her dark eyelashes
Black as jet, and soft as ashes.'

It is clear that you have sacrificed meaning and beauty for the sake of rhyme. However, try, try again; there is hope.

Night at The Seven Pagodas (*Poem*). Anonymous.

Here also, sense and propriety suffer much for the sake of rhyme. The metre is not kept up correctly, evidently owing to want of care. More earnest practice and cultivation of the imagination will enable you to write good poems.

A Fair Judgment. By G. M. R.

You have taken great pains to translate into English a common would-be witty Tamil story, and within your own limits you are successful. But this is not the sort of stuff suited to a college magazine. Try to write something original and more elevated next time. Good luck to you!

A Walk in The Park Fair. By N. R.

You are a great observer of humanity, but it seems that your observations are only superficial.

No doubt, the article may interest a sort of people like you, and there is enthusiasm in what you write. 'Tall ones, short ones, fat and thin ones, blonde, brunette, dusky, pretty, not quite so pretty, and even less pretty, ages ranging from sweet elysian eighteen to sour thirty five (!), of doubtful ages, and beautiful faces bathed in Pond's, Hazeline, Winter, Summer, Radha, Rajah's Snows . . . etc.' Don't allow yourself to get loose and rush on. The main reason for not publishing your article lies in the fact, as you confess, that your father is not favourably disposed towards your 'wandering propensity' and consequently, by revealing your breach of trust, we may cause ill-feelings between you.

The Impression of a College. By W. S. R., B. A.

Mr. W. S. R. gives expression to the impressions in his mind about the Madras Christian College. The article, on the whole, is not bad, and it is all praise for our College; but it is not advisable for us to publish it in our own Magazine, because it may appear to be self-flattery. 'Mr. Boyd praising himself as the kindest man, the witty Tamil expressions of Mr. Matthews, the frankness of Mr. Macnicol'—all these have impressed the loyal alumnus considerably. The motto of our college however is not 'He is a slave who dare not be, in the right with two or three,' but it is 'In Hoc Signo'.

My Neighbour Next Door. By M. N. S.

The ingenious writer presents the story of how he used to be disturbed during his study at nights by the singing in 'jarring and discordant notes' of a worthy neighbour, and how to take vengeance upon him he 'banged on tin cans precisely at the time when he turned out lights and retired to bed'. It is with a feeling of disappointment that one sees a narrative, tolerably well-begun, shrivel to nothing when it reaches the end. We recognize your ingenuity, Mr. M.N.S, in your having hit upon an excellent plan of retaliation, 'banging on tin cans' at night, but at the same time we would remind you that such stuff is not sufficient to make an interesting narrative.

Coffee. H.N.R.

H.N.R. speaks of coffee in the same terms as Boswell talks of Johnson. Being a mathematician, he writes 'when the examinations approach, the consumption of coffee at nights becomes greater, and as x decreases from plus infinity to zero, the consumption of coffee increases from zero to plus infinity cups of coffee (where x is the number of days for the approach of the examination).' Hearty congratulations to the mathematician for his famous discovery! The publication of this 'Law of Coffee' would by itself bring him fame enough, and so it is not necessary to publish the full text of the thesis.

Mr. S. Satyamoorthy. By P.N.S.

'To many of his admirers, Mr. Satyamoorthy has always seemed to be a standing enigma' says the eloquent writer, but opinion may differ widely in this respect. With great deliberation, the writer proceeds to analyse the character of the great man, but so far as we can see, his endeavours are not worth the trouble. In the first place, Mr. Satyamoorthy is a known personality—known at least throughout the Presidency, and secondly, we do not approve of publishing a personal criticism in our pages. It cannot be denied, however, that the method of writing which the writer follows is good, and he can write on some other general topic with success.

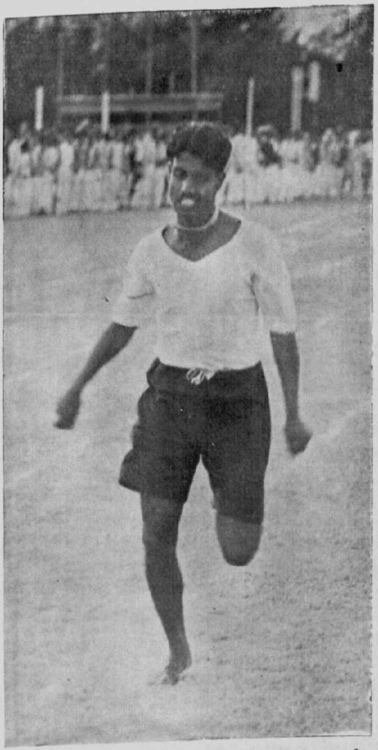
COLLEGE NOTES

COLLEGE DAY

The forty-fourth annual 'College Day' was celebrated in the traditional manner, by the College Day Association, on December 31st. In the morning a party of about seventy former students, including Sir Mahomed Usman, journeyed out to Tambaram and were conducted round the new College buildings by Dr. Hogg, Mr. Manikkam, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. After their tour of inspection they adjourned to the dining hall of 'Hall No. IV', which is now complete, where breakfast was served. Before the meal Mr. L. Sanjiviraya gave a short demonstration of his prodigious mathematical gifts; and after the meal the Joint Secretary of the Association, Mr. K. Sanjiva Kamath, proposed the health of the Principal, and Dr. Hogg replied. Mr. Sanjiva Kamath announced that Mr. P. C. Sundaram Iyengar, a former student who is now District Munsif of Dindigal, had just handed over a cheque for Rs. 125 as a contribution towards the Miller Memorial Library.

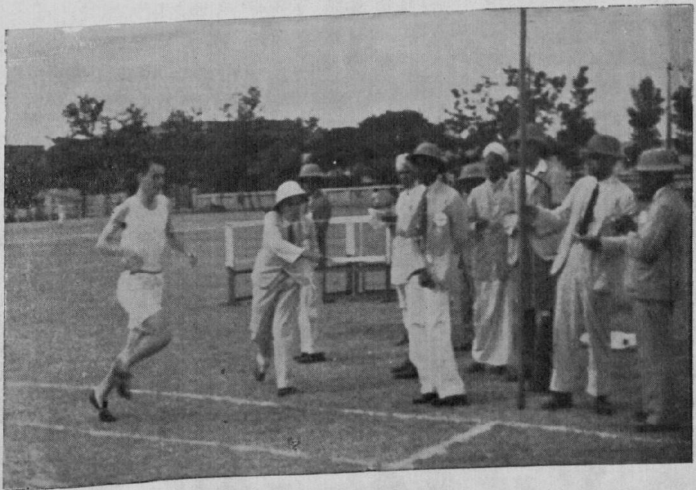
In the afternoon there were a variety entertainment, including performances by Professor P. Sambamurti's orchestra and by Mr. B. Chenga Reddy, the Shakespearean actor, and a social gathering. The public meeting was held at 5-15 p.m., in the Anderson Hall, with Sir Mahomed Usman in the chair. The loyal toasts were proposed by the chairman, who then spoke on 'The College'. Sir Mahomed's speech has already been printed and widely circulated, and it would be superfluous to give it again in full. But a few sentences from his grateful and graceful tribute to his old College must not be omitted. After recalling his own career as school boy and student of the Christian College 'from A, B, C to B.A.', and after remarking on the free and friendly intercourse among students and between students and teachers, Sir Mahomed said: 'Persons—officials and non-officials, Europeans and Indians, visitors and residents—who have had opportunities of coming in contact with former students of the College and observing them in life, have remarked that there is something distinctive about those who have been educated in the Madras Christian College. Evidently the College has impressed its hallmark on them. In what does this mark consist? . . . If I may venture upon a generalization, I may say that one distinguishing quality of a Christian College boy is freedom from prejudice, both communal and racial . . . . The Christian College education is antiseptic to communal feelings . . . . Another distinguishing mark of the type of education which we receive

THE QUARTER MILE



V. N. Sadanand.

THE MILE



J. P. Joshua.

EXPRESSIONS AT THE SPORTS

Photographs by J. P. Joshua.

in this College is independence of judgement and action on the part of the individual.' And after quoting the motto of the College Magazine,—

> ' They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with two or three,'—

Sir Mahomed concluded: ' Thus then shall we seek to be true not only to ourselves, but also to the College which has taught us to do our duty without fear or favour, and to follow Right regardless of consequence.'

Mr. Boyd replied on behalf of the College, assuring the former students that the present generation of students and professors were alike trying their best to uphold faithfully the old traditions of the College.

Mr. P. C. Sundaram Iyengar proposed the health of the retired Professors, giving his own reminiscences of Dr. Hogg, Dr. Skinner, Mr. Corley, Dr. Macphail and Dr. Moffat. By way of reply, Mr. Sanjiva Kamath read a letter from Dr. Skinner.

Captain Abdul Hamid proposed the toast of ' Our Young Friends'. He paid his tribute to the College for leading in the movement away from the older kind of training which tried to make Indians ' Western in education and outlook', and advised the present generation not to let themselves be depressed by ' the difficulties, temporary in their nature, of finding employment.' The reply was made by Mr. R. Santhanakrishnan.

Mr. G. Devasahayam proposed the toast of the guests, which was responded to by Dewan Bahadur P. Ranganathan Chetty; and with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by the Joint Secretary Mr. S. Balasingam Satya Nadar, the very successful meeting came to a close.

THE COMMEMORATION DAY

The Annual Commemoration Day was celebrated on Friday, February 1st. The ordinary work of the College ceased for the day at 11-20 a.m., and a Commemoration Service was held in the Anderson Hall at 11-30. The service was conducted by the Principal and by Mr. Boyd and Mr. Asirvatham, and the address was delivered by Mr. Macphail.

The College Sports were held in the afternoon at 2-30 p.m., and were a great success. Two new features which were greatly appreciated were a broadcasting apparatus, rigged up by a staff from the Physics Department under the capable leadership of Dr. Moses; and a set of gallery-stands for student-spectators. The galleries of seats, or ' bleachers' as they are called in America (because those who use them get bleached), accommodated the greater part of the students in comparative comfort; while the loudspeaker, in the intervals between

the official announcements, discoursed a variety of music (from gramophone records) very agreeably. Otherwise the proceedings followed the lines which are becoming well-worn.

It was pleasant to see so many former students of the College, especially those of the last few years, coming back to College for the afternoon. Many of them helped greatly with the judging. In the 'Old Boys' Race', which was keenly contested, the first three places were won by Messrs. G. D. Mani, N. Vijiyarangam, and Paul David.

Sir K. V. Reddi, who presided, gave away the prizes and spoke briefly on the value of the sporting spirit in College life and in public life, and of the great advances that had been made in College athletics since his student-days.

An account of the results, etc., will be found under 'Athletics'.

On the previous day, as usual, there were matches between past and present students in football, hockey and basket-ball. The Captains of the Old Boys' teams were Messrs. T. D. Ramanathan, C. F. Dwyer, and Thyagarajan. The matches were played on the Y.M.C.A. grounds, as the College field was laid out for sports.

GARDENING AT TAMBARAM

For several years tree planting has been in progress in the College compound at Tambaram. There are now about 2½ miles of roads that have been planted with shade-trees. Recently planting has been begun in what will be the gardens on the North and South sides of the two Halls, but the amount of such work that can be done at present is limited by the building operations now in progress, especially by the laying of water and sewer pipes. In addition to shade-trees there are now a tope of a thousand casuarina trees, a small cashewnut plantation, and an orchard containing a hundred grafted mango trees (Rumani and Bangalore varieties). These mango trees were very generously given to the College by Mr. K. Sitarama Pillai, to whom we wish to express our thanks. About half the trees were given last March and are now well established; the rest were received a few weeks ago. Thanks are also due to Mr. R. N. Antony for a further gift of seedling trees and palms.

VISIT OF THE INTER-VARSITY TEAM

During the second and third weeks of this term we were visited by an Inter-Varsity Evangelistic Team in the course of their tour through India. Dr. Howard Guinness, Mr. J. Darashah and Dr. D. D. Dasen addressed the whole College on Wednesday, January 9th, in the Anderson Hall, and two days later the team spoke again, this time to all except the Intermediate classes. Dr. Dasen, being an old member of the Fenn Hostel, stayed there during the visit, and

Mr. Darashah stayed in College Park Hostel: on account of this, many of us were given a welcome opportunity of meeting them informally, of hearing more of what they had to say, and of asking them our questions.

There were also meetings for witness day by day, in the Gokhale Hall, in the Y.M.C.A., and in other parts of the city. At these, the team was enlarged to include several of our own students, and we thus were able to share in this testimony to the reality of Christ's power and His relevance to life.

At the end of the first week there was a retreat at Red Hills, which was attended by many students, and there were few who went there without finding what they had been seeking. The close of the retreat was marked by a crowded service in the College Church on Sunday evening, at which Dr. Guinness preached the sermon.

One result of the visit of this team has been the strengthening and renewing of Christian fellowship in the Hostels. There was a strong challenge given, which has resulted in a wider vision, and a deeper understanding that the world problems can be solved only if we are willing to begin with our personal problems.

Dr. Guinness and his team will be ending their tour soon: but we shall not cease to be grateful for the time they spent with us, and for what they were able to share with us during their stay.

COLLEGE CHURCH SERVICES

List of Preachers for the third term :—

Jan.	6	....	Rev. G. Matthews.
,,	13	....	Dr. Howard Guinness, London.
,,	20	....	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
,,	27	....	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
Feb.	3	...	Rev. A. O. Brown, Methodist Mission.
,,	10	...	Mr. E. J. M. Wyld.
,,	24	...	Mr. W. F. Kibble.
May	3	...	Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias.
,,	10	...	Rev. A. Silver, Church of Scotland Mission.

On February 17th, the Universal Day of Prayer of the World Students' Christian Federation, there was no separate College service, to allow students and members of staff to attend the joint service in the Cathedral.

The last of the four Devotional services for the year was held on Monday, March 4th. The Principal conducted the service and preached the sermon.

THE SOCIETIES

THE ASSOCIATED SOCIETIES

A joint meeting of the secretaries of the Debating Society, the Literary Society, the Philosophical Association, the History Students' Union, and the Natural Science Association, was held on 16th November 1934, in the Botany Lecture Hall, with Mr. M. S. Sabhesan, M.A., the President of the Associated Societies, in the chair. Almost all the secretaries of the various societies were present, and for the purpose of holding joint meetings Mr. P. Damodaran, secretary of the Debating Society, was unanimously elected as the secretary of the Associated Societies also.

Under the auspices of the Associated Societies, the valedictory meeting of the various societies of the College is arranged to be held towards the end of February. Dr. P. Subbarayan, an old student of the College, has consented to deliver the valedictory address.*

P. DAMODARAN,
Secretary.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society was and is more active this term, and very important topics are discussed by budding orators and future legislators.

The third resolution before the House this year was that 'Science is a danger to religion'. After heated discussion on both sides of the question, the motion was defeated by a narrow majority.

The fourth motion was that 'Prize-giving has a bad effect upon the students'. The subject was well digested by both the parties and when put to vote was declared lost by a large majority.

The fifth sitting of the Debating Society was an historic session. Though the permanent President of the society was present, the proceedings were conducted with Mr. C. S. S. Thathachari, a student of the College, in the chair. The motion before the House was that 'Social emancipation should precede political emancipation'. The importance of the motion and the occasion attracted an unusually large number of speakers and hearers. The proceedings took us to the late hours of a Friday evening, and the motion was, quite contrary to the expectations of many, passed by a large majority.

The sixth sitting of the House was conducted purely by students in the conspicuous absence of our permanent President. Mr. A. Vasudeva Menon, B.A., a Post-graduate student of the College, took the

* This meeting was actually held on Thursday, 28 February,—too late, unfortunately, to be reported properly. Dr. Subbarayan gave a very full and fair lecture on the Government of India Bill.—*Ed.*

chair, and the proposition moved was that 'the Press should be state-controlled'. A good number of speakers took part in the debate, at the end of which the motion was voted down by a large majority.

At a formal meeting convened for the purpose of selecting two of our best debaters to represent our College in the Presidency College Annual Inter-collegiate Debate, with Mr. H. R. Mills in the chair, Mr. K. P. Rangachari of Class IV and Mr. P. Damodar of Class III were selected on the merits of their speeches on that day. The Inter-collegiate debate came on Wednesday, the 7th November 1934, and was held in the Big English Lecture Hall of the Presidency College. A student of the Presidency College moved that in the opinion of the House 'Science is a danger to religion'. Mr. K. P. Rangachari of our College led the opposition, and it is a matter of pride for us to note that the motion was lost. It is a pity that the other representative of our College had to speak for the motion.

Accepting an invitation from the members of the Young Men's Indian Association Parliament, Madras, to meet them at a debate, a team of four debaters, consisting of Messrs. K. P. Rangachari, G. S. Rasool, C. S. S. Thathachari, and C. Rangaswamy, were sent on Friday, the 16th November 1934, to represent our College. Mr. K. P. Rangachari moved that 'Adult Franchise is impracticable for India'. All our speakers did well, but the motion was lost. Our speakers also took part in the oratorical contest conducted by the Y.M.I.A., and in a debate conducted by the University Union.

We are sending four of our best debaters, two for each, to represent our College at the Law College and Government Mohammedan College Inter-collegiate Debates, both of which are arranged to be held at the end of February.

P. DAMODARAN,

Secretary.

CHRISTIAN UNION

The most important event of this term was the visit of the Inter-varsity Fellowship team under the leadership of Dr. Howard Guinness. Their visit was of immense help to us and we do thank God for a general deepening of spiritual life among us. In spite of the approaching examination many of our members took an active part in the work of the 'week of witness' held by the S.C.M. in Madras. Many gave their testimonies during the meetings held. The other activities of the union are going on as usual. We praise God for the guidance he gave us in the work of the union all through the year.

T. C. THOMAS,

General Secretary.

THE BROTHERHOOD

THE METUR DAM EXCURSION

Under the auspices of the Brotherhood an excursion was arranged to Metur Dam. The party, consisting of 17 students and four members of the staff, left Central on the 11th January and reached Salem early next morning. That the staff do not work as late in the nights as the students, was clearly shown, for no sooner had the train started than the four members of the staff (and they only) had spread their beds on the upper berths. From Salem a local took us to Metur Dam.

From the station we walked to the Dam with our guide Mr. Pitchumuthu Pillai. It is hardly necessary to give here an account of the biggest dam in the world. Mr. Pillai was kind enough to explain every little detail. At about 11 a.m. Mr. Jackson, the Chief Engineer, came there and explained to us some practical aspects. We then bussed to the M.C.S. Water Works, and thanks to the courtesy of the authorities the various processes of Alumation, Filtration and the like were demonstrated.

After our mid-day meal we returned to the right side of the Dam, and, thanks to Mr. Jackson, the launch 'Cauvery' took as round the lake. It was nearly six when we landed, and we had to hurry to catch the train to Salem.

After an entertaining camp-fire—arranged by Mr. Mills—we caught the Blue Mountain Express at about 11 p.m. and reached Central the next morning at 6-35 a.m.

Do you think we had enough sleep in the train? certainly not! Are you then surprised to hear Messrs Rajagopalan and Subramanian declare that they had many more hours' sleep in the train than they have at home?

D. RAMACHANDRAN,

General Secretary.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Excursion to Kilasanadha Gonai, Puttur.—On the 19th of August 1934, the President Mr. J. P. Joshua, Professor M. S. Sabhesan, and our Demonstrator Mr. Chelliah, led an excursion to Kilasanadha Gonai. At the Gonai, the party had the patronage of a 'Modern Samiyar' whose beneficence deserves our warm praise.

With the kind assistance of our leaders, we collected a good variety of specimens of Biological importance.

Krusadi Dinner.—This grand function was celebrated on the 27th of November '34 in the College Hall, at 7-30 p.m., in memory of

our excursion to Krusadi Islands. Our Principal, Dr. Hogg, the whole of the Natural History Staff, Dr. Manavala Ramanujam, and Dr. Gravely, honoured us with their presence. P. Venkatakrishniah read a paper on 'the Work at Krusadi'. K. A. Visvanathan read another paper on 'Social Life at Krusadi', and L. S. Eswaran expressed his opinion on 'the Food at Krusadi'. Then Mr. B. Bonnel delivered an interesting lecture on 'Krusadi ten years hence'.

Our tables were arranged in the fashion of an oval in the midst of which there was a huge model of the Krusadi Islands, placed on a high platform. The life-like nature of the model and the ringing eloquence of the several speakers transported us once again to those far off Islands.

'*A Trip to Jog*'.—Professor M. S. Sabhesan delivered an interesting lecture on 'A Trip to Jog', in the Zoology Hall, on the 15th January at 4-10 p.m. The Professor described the geographical position of 'Jog-fall' popularly called Karsapa Fall, and the slow moving river Sarnavathy—'the Kumbakarna'. He then gave a glowing account of the plants that he saw and of the specimens that he collected. The professor concluded his lecture by impressing upon our minds the importance of excursions to such interesting places as 'The Jog-fall'.

Excursion to King Institute, Guindy.—A very enjoyable and educationally profitable excursion was made to Guindy on Saturday morning the 19th instant. The Director of the King Institute kindly arranged to show us round the various departments and we gathered a general idea of the technique and methods in the preparation of Cholera and other vaccines, Bacteriophages etc., and in the clinical diagnosis of the various organisms that cause human diseases.

It was pointed out that vaccines are standardised saline solutions of *killed* pathogenic organisms cultivated in an organic medium such as Agar-Agar which is a marine weed. Bacteriophages are extremely minute organisms that feed on bacteria, called filter passers as they cannot be isolated by filtration. In fact these are so small that the ordinary microscopes do not reveal their presence in sunlight. Special microscopes with *Quartz* lenses and in ultra violet rays bring them into view. It is claimed that Bacteriophages are very effective in eradicating bacterial infections, but the apathy to experimenting with human lives is responsible for the rather meagre data available. In the majority of cases it is tried along with other methods, such as chlorination of water, so that it is difficult to evaluate the benefits derived.

In the water analysis section, the purity of the water is tested by delicate tests in which the acid produced by decomposition of organic matter is allowed to decolorise fluids.

The stages in the preparation and storage of Smallpox vaccine were also interesting. The vaccine used for vaccination of human beings is always prepared from the calf, but the potency of the strain seems to diminish after several generations in the calf and its vigour is reestablished by culturing in buffalo calves, rabbits and other mammals.

I. KUMARASWAMY,
Secretary.

DRAVIDA BHASHABIVIRDHI SANGAM

This term we had three meetings, including the valedictory one.

The first ordinary meeting was held on Wednesday the 9th January, at 4-30 p.m. in the 3rd Class room, with Mr. S. D. Sargunar in the chair, when Vidwan T. P. Minakshisundaram Pillai Avl., M.A., B.L., gave a short discourse on *Silappathikaram*—a great classical poem. The speaker, after pointing out the deviations of the modern drama Kovalan from the poem, pointed out some of the outstanding passages in the poem. After the President's concluding remarks, which consisted in determining its age and nature, the meeting came to an end with a vote of thanks by the Secretary.

The next ordinary meeting was held on Wednesday the 6th February, when Mr. V. S. Subramanyachari of Pachaiyappa's College spoke on *Manimekalai*. The speaker viewed the subject from critical standpoints without merely narrating the story. The speech was a happy and an impressive one. The President, in his concluding speech, pointed out the high moral principles it contained.

The valedictory meeting on Wednesday the 13th February was addressed by Sri La Sri Swamy Vedachalam of Pallavaram whose portrait was unveiled in the beginning of the year under the auspices of our Sangam. Mr. S. D. Sargunar presided. The distinguished guest at the beginning recalled with pleasure his past acquaintance with the College as a teacher, and in his learned lecture on 'The Ancient Tamil Kings and Poets' pointed out the relationship that existed between Tamil kings and poets in olden days—a relationship that consisted in the spirit of tolerance on the part of the kings and gratefulness on the part of the poets. The President suggested some practical steps that are required to encourage Tamil. After a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A., the meeting terminated, and all went home with a happy sense of the greatness of the ancient Tamil kings and poets in particular, and of Tamilians in general.

V. SUNDARAVELU,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

THE COLLEGE SPORTS

RESULTS.

Cricket-ball	1.	T. Joseph, Class IV.	81 yds. 2 ft. 5 in.
	2.	K. Joseph, I.	
	3.	B. N. Natchayya, I.	
120 Yds. Hurdles	1.	Class II. 2. Class III. 3. Class I.	
Hop-step-and-jump	1.	I. Mantramurti, II.	38 ft. 2 1/2 in.
	2.	L. P. Charles, II.	
	3.	V.D. Mantramurti, III.	
100 Yards	1.	D. Ramachandran, IV.	10 4/5 secs.
	2.	K.J. Somasundaram, II.	
	3.	C. T. Joseph, I.	
Putting the Shot	1.	M. Krishnan, IV.	30 ft. 7 1/2 in.
	2.	J.A. Muthiah, I.	
	3.	H. Paul, II.	
One Mile	1.	R. Spitteler, II.	5 min. 4 1/2 secs.
	2.	W. David, I.	
	3.	H. Spitteler, I.	
Pole Vault	1.	I. Mantramurti, II.	8 ft. 9 3/4 in.
	2.	G. Muthiah, II.	
	3.	G. R. Selvarangam, II.	
Long Jump	1.	L. P. Charles, II.	19 ft. 2 in.
	2.	C. A. Sundararaj, II.	
	3.	P. S. Gnanasundaram, IV.	
440 Yards	1.	D. Ramachandran, IV.	55 3/5 secs.
	2.	C. Suares, I.	
	3.	G. B. Sankara Reddy, II.	
High Jump	1.	I. Mantramurti, II.	5 ft. 1 1/2 in.
	2.	V. D. Mantramurti, III.	
	3.	C. A. Sundararaj, II.	
Medley Relay	1.	Class I. 2. Class III. 3. Class IV.	
4 x 220 Yds. Relay	1.	Class II. 2. Class III. 3. Class I.	
Tug-of-War	1.	Class III. 2. Class I.	

Sack Race; P. V. Naidu, V. D. Mantramurti.
Peons' Race: Thulasingam, Arokiaswamy, Subbarayan.
Tennis Pickers' Race: Sivalingam, Arokiaswamy, Dorai.
Slow Cycle Race: Md. Yakub, G. G. Herbert.

As usual, the sports were organised as an inter-class competition. Each class was allowed to send up three representatives for each championship event, and no individual competitor was allowed to take part in more than three of these events (excluding relays). The hop-step-and-jump, being now introduced for the first time, did not count towards the championship. 3 points were allowed for first place, 2 for second, and 1 for third. The result was that the two Intermediate classes tied for the championship, with 22 points each; Class III followed with 14 points, and Class IV got 13. The Honours Classes for once did not score a single point.

The organization of class teams left some room for improvement. An attempt will be made next year to hold the preliminary sports for the various classes at a greater interval before the College sports, and to see that the class captains all understand the system thoroughly. Yet the sports were thoroughly enjoyable: competition was keen but sportsmanlike. It was good to see how many took part. (This was noticeable in the inter-collegiate sports also, which followed a month later. We only came third in the championship, following a long way behind the Y.M.C.A. and the Medicals: but we had a larger number actually competing than any other college, or even the Y.M.C.A.)

Four new records were made, in the 440 yards, the mile, the pole vault (which was introduced only last year), and putting the shot. Perhaps the most enjoyable event of the afternoon, from the spectators' point of view, was the mile race: Ralph Spitteler finished in very fine style, with W. David very close behind; Spitteler took nearly 20 seconds off the college record. Both of them have been distinguishing themselves since in the open mile at other colleges.

HOCKEY

And so exit the academic year 1934–35 . . . . Looking back over our achievements during the same, we feel a certain amount of justifiable satisfaction, for though our team was mostly new blood we acquitted ourselves like men in the local tournaments. More than that, we've pulled together thro' thick and thin as a team and taken hard knocks without grovelling, and this aspect of our team life owed much to the influence of our President, Mr. A. J. Boyd, who always persuaded us that play for the sake of winning should not be our ultimate aim in life.

We began the Inter-collegiate tournament with five successive wins, and then our luck changed and we lost three and drew one before winning our last match against the Y. M. C. A. College. We did well to stand 3rd, with such teams as the Medical College, Loyola and Engineering in the running. . . . The next tournament was the Panagal Cup Tourney in which we were beaten 3–0 by Presidency College after a drawn match.

We had some hopes of going on a tour this year, but owing to certain difficulties this did not materialise. However, we compromised the situation by going to Vellore to play a match against the Police Training Corps, and repaid their hospitality by beating them 3–0 after a hard fought struggle.

During the last term we entered for the Inter-collegiate knock-out Tourney, revived this year after a long interval. Unfortunately we were 'knocked out' by the Medicals (4—1), but the score is a wrong indication of the game which was 'one big struggle' right through.

Besides these tournaments we indulged in a number of practice games in which we were generally the winners. The Old Boys this year turned up with a fairly powerful combination, though they were one short. The Pensioners played well, considering their average age, but we would not allow them to beat us, and the game ended in a draw after an interesting and well contested game.

The personnel of the team has been discussed in the goal-keeper's verses in a previous issue of the *Magazine*, so it would be superfluous on my part to say anything more on that subject. While bidding them farewell I should like to thank them on behalf of the College for their wonderful co-operation, and the keenness they displayed throughout the year, in keeping up the hockey traditions of the College.

H. PAUL,
Captain.

PLAYGROUND BALL

We began playing playground ball very early this year and yet, for a diversity of reasons, unfortunately we have not been able to play many matches.

Practice games were arranged more often than last year and two inter-class matches were played. In the first match the 2nd class—who play the game regularly in the P. T. Classes, were just lucky to snatch a narrow victory over the IV Class. In the second game the IV Class beat Class I by a margin of 32 runs (the scores being 34 to 2). The victory was all the more creditable considering the fact that Messrs. Abraham and Mills played for Class I.

A friendly match was arranged against the Y.M.C.A. College of Physical Education. Many of our players disappointed us in the last minute with the result that we had to pick up unwilling men at the College gate—men who played their first playground ball game that day—besides we were without the services of Messrs. Abraham and Mills. No wonder the Y.M.C.A. College won. We hope to avenge our defeat very soon in a return game.

We hope to arrange a few matches with the Y.M.C.A's. and also one between the staff and the students.

In bringing this review to a close we must not forget to convey our thanks to our Physical Director, Mr. C. A. Abraham, for the keen interest he has been taking in the game.

D. RAMACHANDRAN,
Captain.

FOOTBALL

THE MATCH AT VELLORE

The party started on Friday 7th December, immediately after the close of the Second Term, in a very slow passenger which stopped at all the stations on the way and also a few of the pointsman's cabins and level-crossings. We were supposed to be a cheerful crowd and tried to do justice to our part, but failed miserably. The continuous injections and ejections of passengers, the shrieks and groans of the poor train, and the three square inches of the seat which each had to loll upon, made sleep or gaiety impossible. With great relief we reached Katpadi and alighted.

I shall not attempt to describe our sojourn in the waiting room nor our mental and physical state when we 'got up' next morning at about 5-30. This dark period in our tour is better left unchronicled. I take the liberty to transgress the unities of time, place, and action, and to draw the curtain up on Act 3, which reveals us on the grounds of the Police Training School, our team drawn up against the police team, with myself conspicuously sitting a yard in front of the rest of the spectators in my character of substitute and future historian.

To start with the ground was unusually long and beautifully dewy. Most of our players had undergone a recent examination, and a still more recent journey without sleep; and to crown all we were playing four substitutes (or so). These handicaps, however, did not prevent our side scoring at the eleventh minute through Sankara Reddy, who headed in a beauty. They weren't going to sleep on it, not they, so immediately, they equalised. The ground at this stage was very slippery. About five minutes after, their forwards again broke through our defence and scored the second goal. The ground now was unusually long and slippery. Our forwards were not meanwhile idle, and were pressing for all they were worth. Soundararaj soon found an opening and sent in a stunning shot from 30 yards' range which was in their goal before the goalie got scent of the proceedings. The ground at this stage was not so slippery. And before half time Soundararaj again scored with a drop kick. The ground had decidedly improved.

After the interval play became more exciting, and there were many narrow shaves for both sides. At the 42nd minute however

Victor, our right extreme, netted the fourth goal, the climax of a thrilling scrimmage. The ground we perceived was nearly perfect. But at five minutes to time the P. T. S. managed to score again. Probably because the ground was worsening again. And thus when the final whistle blew we found ourselves the winners by the odd goal in seven (as the newspapers say).

Speaking about individuals, Soundararaj in the forward line was brilliant and played a uniformly good game. The extremes were inclined to dribble too much and often indulged in long passes which not only tired them out but proved not very useful. Sankara Reddy at centre forward played a dashing game whether the ball was in front of him or not. Mr. C. A. Abraham was a very good centre half and managed to be in the thick of it throughout. Somasundaram at left half was slightly off colour but proved very useful. He held the ground record for falling. Alexander kept his gravity and position with a grim determination though their centre forward (who is about 6 ft.) more than once climbed on to his shoulders. David, one of the backs and the skipper, was all over the field, now tacking, now in full sail with the forwards, now club-hauling, now veering round to help the defence. Devakadaksham, the other back, kicked high and low alike with equal aim and nonchalance. The goalie, Isaac Manthramurti, being new to the office (he was recruited for the occasion from the hockey team) perhaps was not very safe, but brought off many neat saves. The high lights of the game were the frequent tumbles. They numbered exactly 49, 23 on their part and the rest on ours, Somasundaram alone contributing 11.

Thus we won the match. We left before the hockey match was played, mildly enthusiastic. But experiences are like cheese, they improve with the passage of time; and now we can look back to it with a high degree of enthusiasm.

Before finishing this,, I must mention the excellent reception offered to us by the P.T.S. They were exceedingly courteous and stood to attention before us whenever Messrs. Macphail or Abraham spoke to them. One of them even stood to attention before me when I asked him for some matches.

We ought also to mention Mr. Deputy Superintendent of Police (Probationary) M. D. Ebenezer, who first suggested the tour and arranged all the details.

THE THIRTEENTH MAN.

THE COLLEGE XI, 1933-34

Actually at least twenty-two people are involved in the College XI this year. The many changes in personnel were due partly to the tours to Mysore and Vellore, in which some of the regular members were unable to participate, and partly to several unfortunate accidents;

but even so, on a review of the year as a whole, they seem to have been excessive.

The regular goal-keeper was Ganapathy. He brought off many brilliant saves in the course of the year, though his form tended to be uneven; and with more care and application he ought to make a better-than-average goalie. It is no discredit to his play to say that his cheerfulness and good sportsmanship was the greatest asset he brought to the team. Mahdi Ali returned to the team for one match and showed something of his old skill; and Isaac Mantramurti was borrowed from the hockey-team at Vellore.

The backs aud half-backs formed a strong combination as a rule. E. David, the captain, and Devakadaksham were a well matched pair —David very resourceful and ingenious, quick and active, apt to get too far forward but generally justifying the risk; Devakadaksham strong and steady. We had two useful substitutes at full back, P. Alexander, a quiet and reliable defender, and V. Rajanayakam, who only joined the College half-way through the year but shapes well.

John Chandy at centre half was a great strength to the team; his experience and skill helped to give confidence to everyone, while his energetic and ferocious appearance served to intimidate opponents. We were glad to play Mr. C. A. Abraham whenever we could. Gopalakrishnan also is a very wise and well-practised player; he showed great cleverness in turning his smallness and lightness into an advantage, and sometimes it almost looked as if he had crept between his opponent's legs. J. A. David is not so well versed in the 'tricks of the trade' as Gopalakrishnan, but played a useful straightforward game.

The forward line was hardly the same twice, and none of the innumerable experiments seemed to please everyone. There were many good individual players, but they were unable to combine their talents satisfactorily. Charles, when on his game, made a very stout centre-forward, but lost interest as the year went on. Andrew Sundararaj was capable of a sort of cold fury which carried him past most opposition, and was cultivating a very effective talent for low raking shots from surprising angles; he had a tendency to try too much himself and to play round in circles, but was evidently on his guard against it. Suneetha was always full of life and go, and had a very neat style of his own, and it was a great loss to the team when an injury to the knee put him out of action. Victor Mantramurti on the wing had a good turn of speed, and on several occasions proved himself a good scorer. Dhanaraj was always a hard worker, but was apt to fall into uncertainty as to how to use his great height and length of leg. John Somasundaram was perhaps the fastest of the forwards, and a very graceful player, but was hardly heavy enough, in action, for

his height. E. Samuel was keen and vigorous; his best performance was his first, in the match with Paçhaiyappa's, when he seemed to be continually heading the ball into the net very neatly. M. P. Samuel played sometimes in the first term. Selvarangam, Sankara Reddy, and Dinker Rao were given places during the tours, and all did well.

SUMMARY OF TOURNAMENTS

The list of matches played as a whole shows a fair level of all-round achievement. Taking all the competitions and tournaments together,—hockey, football, cricket, tennis, athletics, boxing, basket-ball and volleyball,—we must stand high among the Madras colleges; the only competition we did not enter for was the one in swimming—an omission we must try to make good next year. And though it would have been nice to win a cup or two, we have nothing to be ashamed of. Here is our complete record in the three league tournaments :—

Opponent		*Hockey*	*Football*	*Cricket*
Engineering	...	1–2	0–0	L. by 3 wkts.
Law	...	W.O.	W.O.	117–120
Loyola	...	1–2	0–4	134–52
Medical	...	1–9	2–1	L. by 8 wkts.
Muhammadan	...	9–1	—	—
Pachaiyappa's	...	1–0	8–0	L. by 5 wkts.
Presidency	...	1–1	2–1	59–108
S.M.S.	...	4–0	2–4	—
Sch. of Technology	...	1–0	5–2	—
Teachers	...	4–0	4–2	W. by 5 wkts.
Veterinary	...	—	5–0	118–70
Y.M.C.A.	...	2–1	1–0	141–145

At any rate we can point out that no College beat us at everything!

There were also knock-out tournaments in hockey and football, the hockey one being revived after lapsing for many years. Here our record does not sound at all impressive, for we lost the first match in each: but in football we only went down by the odd goal in five after a very close struggle, and in hockey gave way to the unbeaten Medicals, fighting on terms more nearly equal than the score (4 goals to *one*) would suggest.

In the Inter-collegiate Sports we came third after Y.M.C.A. and Medicals (though a long way behind both), getting many places and doing very fairly in team-events; and we were the only college except Y.M C.A. and Medicals to get a first place, by D. Ramachandran's excellent quarter-mile.

INTER-CLASS TOURNAMENTS

Inter-class tournaments in hockey and football were played off at the end of the second term and the beginning of the third. Six teams

entered for both, the High School and the Honours, B. Sc., and post-graduate classes both being represented. The matches were all contested keenly, and play was fairly even. Class II won the hockey (Captain: H. Paul), and Class III the football (Captain: V. D. Mantramurti).

BOXING

The Boxing Club is one of the most active clubs of the College. Early in the year the club was properly organized and C. Suares, Class I, was elected captain. The club meet usually on Thursday evenings for practice and training, and when there is some tournament coming, almost every evening of the week there is practice. Early in the year, a friendly match was arranged with the High School. Our 'heavy-weights' did not take part for lack of opponents, but there were several good plucky bouts in the lighter weights.

An exhibition of boxing was organized by the Madras Amateur Boxing Association in August, 1934, in which all the best boxers of Madras took part. Our contribution was C. Suares, who won his match after a splendid fight. It was considered one of the best fights in the whole exhibition.

Later in the year the same Association organized a tournament. We entered seven men. Suares was unable to take part owing to a hockey injury. The others entered mostly with the idea of gaining 'ring experience'. S. B. Gordon was the only one who came up to the finals. It must be remembered of course that this tournament was open to all the amateur boxers of Madras and naturally the performances were of a high standard.

The boxing tournament conducted by the Madras Collegiate Association was held in January, 1935. We had high hopes this time, and C. Suares, J. Chandy, H. Paul, G. Verghese and S. B. Gordon were all 'dead certs.', while others like K. Chinnu and Subramanian might win with luck. Suares, Chandy, Paul, Verghese, and Gordon all reached their finals (we don't think any other college had so many finalists), but all lost on points. The judging, however, was admittedly very difficult in some cases. At any rate, all fought well, and none threw up the sponge. The only one to win a prize was George Verghese, who was declared the 'best loser'—a very good prize for a college to start with.

The club owes a great deal to its President, Mr. H. R. Mills, who takes a really 'active' part in the club's activities. He himself is no mean boxer and he is always ready to spar with anyone who can put on gloves.

C. A. A.

THE HOSTELS

THE STUDENTS' HOME

The third term has begun with *all* its worry and sorrow. The senior members are worried about their examinations and the junior members really feel sorry to lose the Films. Reading seems to pervade the whole hostel. They read in bath-rooms, in the dining hall, and in corridors. Our Venkatakrishniah repeats 'Othello' and 'As You Like It' in his sleep, our Kutty dreams of astronomical bodies, and our Alexander (the lark of Students' Home) sings from his 'watch tower in the skies' due to the vigour given by 'Sanatogen'. Our Natesan, 'the Pocket Napoleon', is glad that he will be rid of Mr. Boyd and his U. T. C. at least for three months.

We have great pleasure in announcing that we have in our midst Joshua Reynolds II and that is our S. Srinivasa Rao. One cannot but be struck by the beautiful and life-like sketches on the walls of his room. We wish him every success in this art but we feel sorry, for Mr. Macphail, our Superintendent, thinks of deducting Rs. 3 from his caution fee to whitewash his room.

We are glad to welcome Messrs. C. Sivarama Sastry and V. Krishnamachary to our hostel.

News come that Mr. Muthuswamy is going to be wedded. We are glad to hear of the news but the pity of it is the marriage will be celebrated in midsummer when none of us will be able to attend. Anyhow our hearty congratulations in anticipation.

On the 21st November 1934 we got up a dinner in honour of Mr. S. Satyamurthi's success in the last Assembly elections, he being an old member of the hostel. After the dinner in a speech he recollected some of the happy days he spent in the College and in the hostel.

Our Hostel Day was conducted on 12th February when Dr. Hogg presided and Mrs. Theodore distributed the prizes.

P. SUBRAMANIAN,
Secretary.

THE SECOND STUDENTS' HOME

It is gratifying to note that the strength of our Happy Family has increased to eighteen. The majority of the members being final year students, the Madras University is making itself felt, for here 'emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, excite industry, and awaken genius.'

The Annual Celebrations of our Hostel Day took place on the 30th of January, under the presidency of the Principal. T. V. Ramakrishnan and C. V. David were awarded medals for carroms and ping-pong, respectively.

On the 9th of February, our Superintendent, Mr. Macnicol, led the members of our Home on an excursion to Adyar.

R. V. SURYANARAYANA SARMA,
Secretary.

BISHOP HEBER HALL

From the very beginning of the term our members took great interest in preparation for the Hall Day and did what they could do. They worked studiously for days and nights, for which they demanded nothing but a cup of tea as wages to keep them awake. We conducted our Hall Day on 19th January, presided over by the Lord Bishop of Madras. In the first part of the programme, after the reading of the Annual Report, the Principal welcomed Bishop Heber Hall to the College on the occasion of this, its first Annual Day. After some songs we acted an English and a Tamil farce. We hope our guests had a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

On the athletic side, all games are played regularly. We congratulate those of our Hall who took medals in College Sports; and David who ran second in the open mile at the Presidency College Sports. The Literary and Debating Society progresses well, and members take part in the inter-hostel debates. Our Camera Club is worth mentioning. Mr. G. Lawrence, the President, after spoiling a considerable number of films, firmly asserts that the weather does not suit his camera. But the Club doubts whether this misfit is due to the much abused weather or to the personal element.

S. E. JEYAPALAN,
General Secretary.

THE RANGIAH CHETTY HOSTEL

All the members of our hostel are seriously engaged in preparation for the fast-approaching examinations, and are waiting for the stoppage of 'Lectures' and 'Dictations', 'Practicals' and 'Stock-takings'. Determined to study, some have resuscitated their tea-establishments and drawn out their books from the land of calm and repose to the field of adventure. Day with many is for sleep and talk, and night is the time for study. Strange and ridiculous devices of study have begun to be practised. The most ridiculous is that of starving the stomach to feed the brain.

Yet recreation, happiness and pleasure are not wanting here. If I am not mistaken, I perceive a healthy and desirable spirit of

rivalry not only in the library but also in the games-field. What chance awaits us let coming days show.

I take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Hogg for the kind interest she has taken in our hostel and for the interesting magazines she has been sending us.

We are sorry to note that our Superintendent Mr. Kibble is leaving us on furlough at the end of this term. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Kibble bon voyage, a happy time at home, and a speedy return to the midst of our students again.

Our sincerest good wishes to all out-going seniors and au revoir to the 'juniors'.

M. P. SAMUEL,
Secretary.

COLLEGE PARK HOSTEL

Our Hostel Day is usually the biggest event in the dull routine of our life in the hostel, and this year it was celebrated on the 26th of January. Those who were present on the occasion would admit that the function was according to the best traditions of this hostel. A series of amusing sports items, followed by a sumptuous repast, started the day's programme. The meeting was presided over by Dr. K. C. Chacko, B. A., D. Sc., M. I. E., Professor, College of Engineering, Madras. The entertainment that followed kept the audience in gay spirits the whole time.

As our Superintendent truly remarked, 'the terrible shadow of the examination' has made us all settle down to our work after the Hostel Day. Most of our members have to face the university examination of this year. Members may come and go but College Park will ever remain the same, and all those who leave the hostel, we are sure, will cherish fond memories of the pleasant time they had in Park.

T. C. THOMAS,
Secretary.

THE FENN HOSTEL

At last our long postponed excursion to Mahabalipuram materialised in the second week-end of January. The weather was fine and the trip very pleasant. A detailed account of what we saw in Mahabalipuram and the Pallava architecture would be too long. However, some of us may have to write about the authors of those stone-carvings in the ensuing examination and then we shall deal with the subject at length. On the whole, we thoroughly enjoyed our trip.

The annual functions of our hostel will come off in the course of the month of February;—Staff 'At Home' on the 11th, 'Muttai Meeting' on the 22nd, and Annual Dinner and Farewell function on the 23rd.

The committee is very busy with the arrangements. About the end of January we had an interesting Inter-Hostel debate between Fenn and Caithness Hall.

Our hostel tournaments in indoor games—ping-pong and carroms—were conducted in January. We are glad that Mr. C. T. Varkey came out as the champion in the Inter-Hostel ping-pong tournament conducted by the Students' Home.

We are very thankful to Mrs. Hogg for sending periodicals throughout this year. Our life in the hostel was so splendid, that when we look back upon the past year, most of us can definitely say that we had gained something new.

W. M. G. DURAI RAJ,
Secretary.

CAITHNESS HALL

With the coming of the new year, our Superintendent instituted a new system of supervision. He stays in room No. 15 of our hostel from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m., and under the pretence of seriously studying Tamil, takes care to see that members are confined to their respective rooms and work at their books. The room he chose for the purpose is now called 'Superintendent's Den'.

Before continuing further, let me give you an account of our Hostel Day, which was celebrated on the 1st December 1934, with all its traditional grandeur, under the presidency of Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, when Mr. Sami Venkatachalam Chetty unveiled the portrait of Pandit Jawharlal Nehru. The occasion is memorable, since we solved what the nation has failed to do, in bringing on the same platform two gentlemen belonging to two different schools of politics. No one who attended it could have gone without being immensely pleased.

In the field of sports, Maribasavaiah won two cups in the College tennis tournament, one for open doubles and the other for handicap doubles.

The players who represented our hostel in the Inter-Hostel tournament came out successful in carroms singles and doubles, and lost 'ping-pong' in the finals.

An Inter-Hostel debate was held in our hostel on the 9th instant under the presidency of Mr. R. S. Macnicol. Our hostel speakers found foemen worthy of their steel in the fiery and vigorous speakers of Fenn Hostel and Bishop Heber Hall. The subject was that 'Only a great world war can bring about world peace'.

P. VEERARAGHAVULU,
Secretary.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING CORPS

The tale of our great army has already been carried as far as the end of the second term—or was it only the end of the first term?—how many seasoned veterans returned to the colours from their summer quarters; how the doors of the recruiting-office were besieged by legions of high-hearted youths, eager to prove that they had chests broad enough, legs stout enough, eyes straight enough, arms strong enough, and spirits gallant enough, to enter the Fighting Forces of their country; how some of those H.H.Y.'s turned out to have squints or flat-feet or knock-knees or pigeon-chests or excessive adipose tissue or insufficient cardiac reserve; how the remainder were bullied and driven and sweated and abused and ridiculed and insulted, until they began to look almost like soldiers, and began to imagine (after the common fashion of ignorant little recruits) that they knew something; how the trained men were meanwhile being so harried and sore beset that one cadet's left lung gave up the struggle and went out of business (temporarily, we are glad to note—it speedily improved after camp), and another drove his motor-bike into a bullock-bandy, and still another plunged from his cycle in front of a tram-car—and so obtained a little respite from the struggle. That brings us to December, 1934.

Just before camp, Under-Officer Chandy, a hard-bitten old soldier of six years' service, got his discharge. The contingent owes a great deal to him. From the day he entered (the smallest fellow in the contingent, but full of spirit) he was a model of what a cadet ought to be, and in his later years he was a very valuable instructor, as well as an outstanding athlete. He is now preparing for his Honours examination, and it is whispered by those who have seen him in his den that he has lost at least fifty pounds.

For the first time since 1931, the contingent failed to secure the trophy for attendance in camp, and yet everybody reported present! One cadet had had the misfortune to contract small-pox a few weeks before camp, and although he very sportingly turned up just the same, it was not safe for him to remain in camp, and meanwhile three other contingents had turned up at full strength. Everybody seemed to enjoy the camp. There were some, indeed, who imagined that they were being worked too hard, and there were some who wondered why they were not given a treat every time they kicked a football, but 'grousing' was the exceptional thing and not the rule. In the competitions, the contingent did exactly the same as last year—won the Company Drill Cup, the Route March Cup, the Athletic Cup—and, in consequence, got the Willingdon Shield by a large margin.

NOTES ON OUR EXCHANGES

St. Paul's College Magazine, Calcutta. (Christmas Number, 1934.)

This is a specially good number and contains articles of a varied and interesting type. The 'get-up' of the magazine is also praiseworthy. Mr. C. S. Milford writes on 'The Oxford Group' and Mr. E. M. Milford on 'A Voyage to India', both of which are agreeable. There are a number of serious subjects dealt with, such as 'Russian Poetry', 'The Growth and Perversion of Nationalism', and 'Village Life in Ancient India'. 'The Return' is a bit of thrill which serves to awaken us from the serious contemplation which some of the grave articles tend to steep us in. 'A Village Legend, and a Grand-mother's Tale' is also an exciting narrative which gives us a glimpse into the superstitious beliefs of the country-folk. 'The Still Shorter Story' seems to be a mockery of the detective art, with acknowledgements to Stephen Leacock. A detective, Homlock Shears, is brought in to solve the mystery of a murder, and he concludes by the evidence of a hair found in a lapel of the dead man's coat, that the man has been hanged to death by a hair. Then he proceeds to search for the person who has lost the hair, and finally comes upon a man with his cap pulled down to his ears, about to board a liner.

'Remove his cap,' ordered the captain sternly. They did so. The man was completely bald. 'Ha!' said the great detective without hesitation: 'he has committed not one murder, but a million!'

The Bengalee section of the magazine, however, is all Greek to us.

The Government College Miscellany, Mangalore. (November, 1934.)

The *Miscellany* is full of sparkling humour, with funny cartoons and articles which are more interesting than instructive. A special feature of the *Miscellany* is the ample opportunity given to students for the cultivation of their aesthetic and artistic talents. One writer has a great admiration for bald heads, and declares 'still the crazy world has its own way, and I am grieved to see them invent various specifics for baldness. Recently an Englishman lost his hair and spent pounds to recover it. But I must say, I am on the side of the Scotchman who, when he lost his hair, sold his brush and comb'. 'A Defence of Ugliness' seems to be an imitation of one of Addison's essays. 'Our Monsoon' is a delightful little picture of the monsoon in Malabar, and the cartoon which accompanies it represents something common and comic, to one who has experienced the showers during the monsoon. There is a beautiful poem by James. H. Cousins, and 'A Prayer' (a short charming poem) by G. K. Chettur, the Principal, and the English translation of a Bengali song of Tagore—'Janagana, Morning Song of India'.